

NEXT WEEK! SPECIAL HARVEST FESTIVAL WAR CRY!

WAR CRY

THE
SALVATION ARMY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 47.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1899,

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Circulation.

Price, 5 Cents.

HOW
THEOPH-
ILUS
TIGHT-
FIST
PRAYED.

Our Father Which art in Heaven... And dost not take much stock of
what is going on in earth.
Hallowed be Thy name And feared is my name in this town.
Thy kingdom come..... But not until I make the most of
this life.
Thy will be done on earth, as it is
in Heaven. And my will in my house: and store.
Give us this day our daily bread .. Let others look out for themselves.
And forgive us our debts as we for- And was he to those who don't pay
give our debtors, rent promptly.
And lead us not into temptation... Except when I'm quite safe from the
devil law.
But deliver us from evil..... And from tenants that pay no rent.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the And mine is the money, and half the
power, and the glory, forever, town is mortgaged to me forever,
AMEN!

AND
HOW
HE
PRAC-
TISED.



JUDGE NOT!

A BACKSLIDER'S STORY.

By W. J. THOMPSON, Bermuda.

WHEN I first set out to serve God, after being an atheist for about ten and a-half years, I thought it impossible that I ever should fall, and I was very hard in my judgment of those that did fall. I used to say that if a man or woman once got properly converted, they could not possibly backslide. But I was soon to alter my opinion, for I had built my own house upon the sand, and I soon began to feel my foundation giving way. It happened in this way:

There was a comrade with whom for some reason I could never get on. I often asked myself why, but I couldn't answer the question. I searched my heart, but to avail. I wondered if I was jealous of him, for he was talented, and although, like myself, only a young convert, was frequently called upon to read the lesson in the meetings and to assist in various other ways, for which my comrades would always jump at the chance of an argument with him, and then I generally lost my temper, and would go home that night feeling miserable with myself and everyone else, and although I invariably got the victory at my bedside, it was only to be defeated again at the next opportunity.

At last that comrade himself came and spoke to me about it. He asked me what had come between us. I scarcely know what answer I made him, but I know I insulted him and he left me with a look of pain on his face.

That night I went to bed without praying, and when we neglect to ask God for help we soon fall altogether. The following two days I spent very miserably, and then I went out intending to go to the soldiers' meeting and get right with God. But the devil hadn't done with me yet. On my way there I had to pass a public house, from whence came the sound of laughter, singing and jingling of glasses. It sounded very attractive to me in the frame of mind I was in, and, to cut a long story short, after trying for over twenty minutes to get the victory, I rushed inside and called for some beer.

The Devil had Gained the Day.

I drank several glasses straight off, and then I was soon in the thick of the dancing and singing. I was drinking beer like water in a vain endeavor to stifle my conscience. I tried to get drunk, but to no avail, for whereas the men around me succumbed one after another to the effect of the liquor, I seemed proof against it.

My Saviour's Face was Ever Before Me. 1229

For the next two days I kept this up, and then only stopped because I had spent all my money. Then my conscience troubled me more than ever. I could see how weak in faith I had been; I had been relying too much upon my own strength, instead of leaning on Christ Jesus.

I believe if I had spoken to the comrade concerning my feelings towards him, and if we had prayed about it, I should have gained the victory over it.

Take warning, friends, and don't let the devil get hold of you if you are tempted in any way. Go to the Lord for help. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Can you picture the misery of a backslider?

It is an awful experience. The thought that you have lost everything worth having. Oh, the waste of time and night, long to get on your knees and ask God to forgive you, and yet afraid to do so!

Afraid to Face Your God,

after the vile manner in which you have forsaken Him!

But one day I opened my Bible at random and found this passage: "If you will leave thee thy forsake thee," He'll kill. Oh, what a merciful God have we! I could see His hand in this: I dropped on my knees and prayed long and earnestly for forgiveness both for the sin I had committed and for the months of misery to me.



TURKEY'S DEATH SONG.

DEATH is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but since we all come under the law of death, we might as well prepare for it. A work's preparation for death is a good life. So I advise you, my comrades, to feel well and sleep well. If we have to die it is best to die for a good cause, and if we die in a good condition we shall bring the most to a good cause. Perhaps you do not know that our mistress has promised the fattest of us to the Captain of the Salvation Army, for Harvest Festival. This should prove an incentive to be all to strive in friendly competition to fatten up quickly. Who is likely to be the happy winner? I don't know but I would not desire a better cause to die for than that of the Salvation Army.

WHAT

MONEY

HAS BEEN DONE WITH THE

WHICH I HAVE GIVEN DURING PREVIOUS APPEALS, TO THE SALVATION ARMY?

Ans.—The money has enabled us to make great advances in our efforts for the spiritual and social advancement of men, women and children.

How can you prove this to my satisfaction?

Ans.—Here are the figures of what has been accomplished during the last three years:

We have 15 more Corps than we had three years ago.
 We have 4 extra Rescue Homes.
 We have 7 additional Shelters.
 We have increased 50 Officers.
 " " 1,395 Local Officers.
 " " 2,113 Soldiers.
 " " 2,573 Junior Soldiers.
 " " 2,945 B. of L. Members.
 " " 585 Companies weekly.
 " " 1,491 B. of L. attendance weekly.
 " " 4,414 J. S. attendance weekly.
 We supply 9,675 Meals extra per month.
 5,076 Beds extra per month.
 Besides caring for a larger number of fallen girls and helpless children.

I went, at the first opportunity, to the comrade I had disliked. I found that all dislike for him had left my heart. We had a long talk together and I told him everything. He forgave me, as I knew he would, and now we are working in unity together for Christ. Praise His Name for ever.

I believe I have this time built my house on the solid rock, the rock of Christ Jesus. My only desire now is to be a servant of the Lord.

Don't Stop—Move On!

"In every day walks a to-morrow." If you have made some achievements, if you have done splendid work, if you stand high in other people's esteem, and especially in your own, do not stop to

write bulletins of victory to yourself and others. The only reward worth the having of having done good work yesterday is a chance to do better work to-morrow. The only reward for having reached a certain milestone in life's journey is the chance to do a better day's journey the next day. On the other hand, if you have failed, if through your own fault and your own folly, or the fault and the folly of others, you have seemed to lose your chance, if you have lost the simple faith of your childhood, if you have impoverished your faculties, even if you have poisoned your blood, begin where you are to-day, and out of the treasured experience of the past, with all its good, and also with all its evil, set your face forward towards a nobler and more splendid future.

And never say you are too old. You

do not say it now, perhaps; but by and by, when the hair grows grey, and the eyes grow dim, and the young despair comes to curse the old man, you will say, "It is too late for me." Never too late! Never too old! How old are you—thirty, fifty, eighty? What is that in immortality? We are but too old. When I hear a man saying it is too late, it seems to me as when two little children are playing in a nursery, and the one who has dropped his doll and broken it, and seeing the saddest run out, says, "Life is not worth living." You have eternity before you. Begin, not from an imaginary past, to which you can never go back; but from an imaginary future which you have not reached. Begin from the present, with all its treasury of good—ay, and with all its treasury of evil. And, keeping the pathway unbroken from the past to the future, lead on to life to larger life, and yet larger life, answering the calling of Him whose call is ever upward, upward.—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Three Good Samaritans.

A DINNER-HOUR EXPERIENCE.

One morning, when at my work, I saw, to my astonishment, a tall, fine-looking young woman, dressed in dirty rags, come staggering along the street; she was not drunk, as one might have thought, but weak through sheer want and exposure. My workmates called out at her shameful sues and jeers, all of which would tend to crush more than ever the poor creature.

My heart, as a Salvationist, went out in tenderness after her. My soul breathed out a prayer on her behalf, and, to my joy, she hadn't gone far before she retraced her steps, and, in repassing our place, I saw as never before the coldness of the world, when strong, robust men laughed at her downfall. This gave me a chance of seeing more closely that there was in her just that which would make a fine, bonnie Salvationist for Jesus Christ. It was near the dinner-hour, and I asked God to take care of her for me this afternoon, and so He did; for when I walked into the recreation-ground I found her on a seat, with some rude lads round her.

I interfered at once, and asked them to let the young woman alone. They quickly obliged me, as they knew I was a Salvationist. I dealt lovingly with her, told her what I was, and my business, and her reply was:

"No one will befriend me for nothing; so go away, or I will give you a smack in the face."

Still I pleaded with her, and she told me her sad story. She confessed, and I could plainly see the suicide was almost the next step. But I had already accomplished the work of bringing into her soul a ray of sunlight. By this time dinner-hour was gone, so I gave her the money to buy a good meal, and succeeded in getting her to promise to meet me after the day's work, which closed at 5:30.

To my joy, she proved true to her word and was there. Another hour was spent in persuading her to come with me and get advice from our office. But this she said she would not do, as she had a dread of being sent into one of the Homes. I was bent on victory at all costs, so I managed to get her to Lockhart's coffee-shop and gave her a nourishing meal, and she promised me she would stay there while I went home, had tea, and changed my navy clothes for my uniform.

While at tea, I told my landlady what had made me so late. My landlady, by the way, is a fine type of early-day Salvationist, and this woman of God, having an eye to business for her Saviour, said:

"Bring her round, and let's see what she's like."

This I gladly did at once. We found, thus, a new and better year of age, and only needed a rig-out of clothes and boots, a good wash-up, and dealing with in a loving manner, and she would be snatched from a suicide's grave, and be saved in a two-fold sense—soul and body.

Praise God! This was done by our kind landlady giving her clothes and care, my fellow-laborer, Serret, Row, giving her a new pair of boots, and something for herself; I gave the other half towards the boots. Then we had a red-hot prayer meeting, and the girl nicely saved through the Blood of Jesus, and home blessing to our own souls. She is still with us, and is as bright, and as happy, and grateful as possible. We give Jesus every bit of the glory.

AUSTRALASIA REVISITED.

Commissioner Pollard's Reminiscences

These assaults tried human nature, and an incident is recorded which sets off the inevitably comic side to the tragedy. The flag was the chief object of attack, and the flag-carrier had no mean service to perform. He was endowed with great physical power, but proportionately small patience. One night the Rosemary Branch of the Army (this was the name under which the Peckham Corps was then known) was startled by the appearance of the flagstaff.

Pointing a Moral.

"What are all those spikes for?" asked someone, on beholding it, all covered like the top of a pallisade. "To give 'em a warm time-to-night, boss," the exultant standard-bearer replied. "I'll make 'em kick against the prickles to-night, old chum!"

A dose of severe reasonableness had, of course, to be applied; but it was with reluctance that the standard-bearer avowed that the doctrine that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual.

What would have been the final result of the Army's operations in Peckham? It is difficult to guess, but the end of a few weeks the captain was served with a notice to quit, with which begins a new and thrilling chapter in our story.

CHAPTER III.

OFF TO NEW ZEALAND.

Before entering the Training Home, George Pollard went through what will, perhaps, ever remain the last test a Candidate for the fight for God has to put to. The removal of the Army's work in Peckham to an old Baptist Chapel in Walworth was attended by fiercer fighting than ever. It was spread by the Chief of the Staff, whose presence and the inspiration of whose counsel fanned the flame of a desperate zeal for saving souls, which was answered by an increase in the fury of opposition.

At this time George Pollard applied for a clerkship at the Headquarters of the Army, then situated in Whitechapel Road. His application was refused, and Commissioner Pollard has been able to use this leaf in the book of his career to practical use many times since. He was not wanted for office work, and was a trifle delicate and unwarlike to be sent into the Field, although the Field stood in urgent need of the blood and brain-stuff of which Pollard was made.

This urgency will be appreciated when we state that, in view of the opposition of Commissioner Pollard's training was measured by three weeks; and yet he refers even now to the something which he then received as constituting a bulwark against the attacks of the enemy.

Devonshire House.

"The Training Home of those days was not the complete establishment which it now is," says the Commissioner. "What I learned there, however, has been a source of help in many different circumstances through which I have been called to pass. There are people to be found even now who think that our system of training is seriously at fault, because it is not solely and wholly theological and scholastic. They do not know us. In those times, as now, fellows were wanted. Nothing but a fighting Christianity will drive back the indifference of the age. The Training Home compels you to be in earnest. It sets before each man and woman the actual saving of souls as the ideal of his and her life; and, though I had not the privilege of attending many lectures, I learnt enough to confirm me in my faith. I gave me a clear and definite conception of the work of an officer, and, from day to day, just the opportunities to put my consecration to the test.

"Two things are stamped upon my memory in connection with the three weeks I spent in Devonshire House. One was a lecture by Commissioner Howard; he was then Vice-Principal. About twenty Cadets were present.

The Vice-Principal.

"In his peculiarly impressive style, the Vice Principal said something to

this effect: 'My lads, when I see you in this room I do not think of what you are, but what you will be. Without assuming the role of a prophet, there are some of you who will become the leading officers of the Army in the future.' "On our way that night to the old Bethnal Green Arch—to receive a plentiful supply of rotten vegetables and chaff—I opened a discussion on the joke of the day—the Vice-Principal's prophecy. We had lively ambitions at times, but they never rose higher than a Lieutenancy or Captaincy, or, to be more correct, a chance to do some fighting for God and saving souls.

Presentiments.

"The other link of some interest was a presentiment. I had a week before I quit the Training Home. It was the first of not a few presentiments or impressions—call them what you will—I have had in my life. I want influence here to say that within a week I should be sent out of the Training Home, I will not say; but I was so positive that it would be so that I mentioned it to more than one Cadet. Therefore, when Commissioner Howard called me aside one morning I knew what it meant. I was sent to Portland, in Ireland, with my travelling expenses, the blessing of Commissioner Howard, and an injunction to lie flat on my back if I desired to avoid being sea-sick crossing the Channel!"

Quick Work.

There was, our readers will observe, a blisful dispensing of responsibility to young men in those days. In Capt. Pollard's case he more than justified the wisdom of his superiors. He was a success at Portland, Basford (near Nottingham) and Marylebone. His methods of warfare had one flaw in them, if we dare so to word it; he was reckless of his own physical resources, so that when the call came for New Zealand, it found the young Captain not in the most robust state.

"We shall be in New Zealand within twelve months from the present date," he read out in the War Cry at breakfast one morning.

His Lieutenant asked, "Where is that?"

"Somewhere near the moon, I suppose; but wherever it is I shall go."

And go he did. Another presentiment.

"George!"

Later on, and while resting at Matlock, a deep feeling oppressed him that he ought to go to Manchester and visit a sick relative. "I shall never see her again," he remarked, on leaving his resting quarters. While at Manchester a letter was despatched to Matlock by I. H. Q., asking him to come to London as soon as possible, and raising the question whether he would be prepared to go to New Zealand and start a corps there. When he reached London he was ignorant of this letter, and before calling at I. H. Q., as was a custom with our hero, his disposition led him to a certain quarter on the south side of the Thames. It would never do for him to visit the great city without paying his compliments to his old treasurer.

"I see that there is a great farewell of officers for foreign service in Exeter Hall, George," remarked Miss Penney to him on his leaving. (The use of the Christian name here will suggest an expected development.)

"Yes, so I noticed; and I shall be the one-hundred-and-first. I expected to be sent to New Zealand." And he was—another presentiment.

The first person of importance he met at I. H. Q. that day was Commissioner Railton.

"So you have received our letter?" the Secretary questioned.

"What letter?"

"Oh, the one sent to Matlock, asking if you were ready for New Zealand."

"I did not receive it; I went to Manchester on some family affairs. But it is all right. I have had a presentiment that you wanted me to be the one-hundred-and-first," was the reply.

This was in the month of November, 1881; but it was not until February of the following year that Capt. George Arthur Pollard, accompanied by Lieut. Edward Wright—of whom we shall have something to say later on—embarked for the Colony of New Zealand.

In the interval his work was versatile. His "travelling" had to be raised. There was no Self-Denial Fund, and Captain Pollard had to visit courts, plead the needs of the distant land to which he was commissioned, and one of the events was his walking through the streets of Stockton in a white cotton suit, with a keen frost and a deep covering of snow on the ground.

The day at last arrived; but so singularly indifferent were Capt. Pollard and his colleague to their future needs that the question of unmarking on a thirteen-thousand-miles' journey, and on such a mission as the one on which they were bent, without money, never once entered their minds.

Someone suggested to Commissioner Railton that the New Zealand party might require a few pounds to open New Zealand, secure buildings, furnish quarters, etc.

"Certainly, certainly," remarked the Commissioner.

The Cashier of the Training Home had gone home, however, when the discovery was made and some resolute in the neighborhood, friendly to the Army, possessed such a capital as to tide over the need for twenty-four hours.

The General was appealed to, and, by dint of some amalgamation of temporary travelling funds and some friends' assistance, the twenty pounds were raised, and next morning Capt. Pollard—with the Army Flag presented by Mrs. General Booth and Lieut. Wright mounted an old wagon that stood at the gates of the Congress Hall, and amid the halldujahs and God-speeds of the Cadets, the New Zealand expedition fulfilled the presentiment of the one-hundred-and-first.

And Cadet Penney, who had exchanged her place at Peckham for a Cadetship at Clifton, was the last to wave her handkerchief, and something like tears glistened in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

What Sanctification has done for Me.

It has removed from my heart all carnal depravity, making it entirely pure. It has filled my soul with pure love—love to God and man. Love made perfect.

It has given me a peace, sweet peace, undisturbed by the trials and conflicts of life.

Through sanctification I have acquired an unshaken faith, with regard to my own acceptance with God.

It teaches me to watch and pray, always guarding my heart against temptation which can only affect my intellectual powers, but cannot harm the soul.

THE DATES FOR THE Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY

ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th, (INCLUSIVE).



"Now, Father, what can I do for Harvest Festival?"

It enables me to have sweet and uninterrupted communion with Christ, so that where I am, He is also.

It causes me to more rapidly develop and grow in grace, than when only justified.

It helps me to put confidence in my brother Christian, and leads me to think that there are numbers of people as good and better than I am.

It humbles me greatly and leads me to give God all the glory for all blessings bestowed upon me, and to praise Him if I am made a blessing to others.

It has fitted me for work, wear, life, death, and the Judgment.

F. HJOWELL, Capt.,
Morton's Harbors.

LORD, TAKE THOU ME!

A cry from Macedonia breaks my dream,
Still in my ears the pleading tones do call;
Across the waters beckoning fingers seem

To beg me, for Christ's sake, surrender all.
Can I dought Thy messenger to be?
I wait Thy mandate; O Lord, take Thou me!

Prepare me with the piously divine,
Without Thine armor I am sure to fall;
Gird me with truth, and with Thy seal and sign

Upon my going forth I must prevail.
My Lord's knight errant, here on bended knee
I crave Thy light, the fight, Lord, take Thou me!

Grant me that hunger for immortal souls,
Thine own heart's yearning for the orlous ones,
The love of God which mercifully rolls

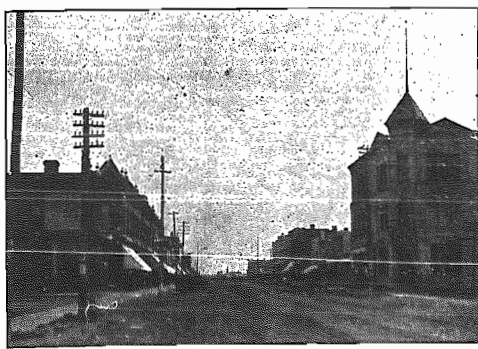
Around the world and for its sin atoms,
Shows how the Cross can set the sinner free,
May I this message speak? Lord, take Thou me!

Open for Thy presidential door,
Then give me readiness to enter in,
Search Thine my soul, and let Thy Spirit pour

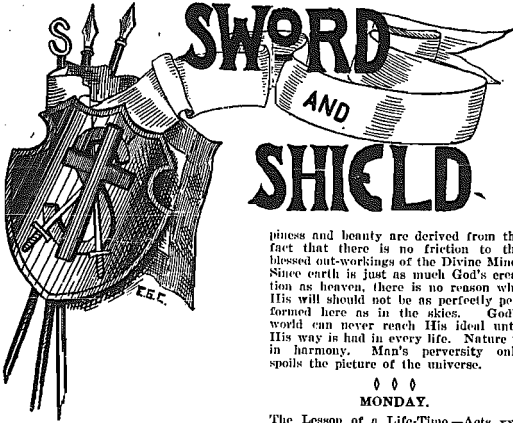
To cleanse, to inspire my inmost thought with truth,
And with a single eye Thy purpose see,
My only wish, Thy will, Lord, take Thou me!

Take me for sunny days or darksome night,
Take me for hottest fight or watching lone,
Take me to face the wrong, defend the right,

Take me to comfort and support Thine own,
I am but one, but all that one to Thee
Without reserve I bring, Thou wilt take me!



Main Street, Jamestown N.D.



Weekly Watchword: Thy Will be Done.

"Children that lay their pretty garlands by
So piously, yet with a humble mind;
Sailors who, when the ship rocks in the wind,
Cast out the freight with half averted eye,
Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
Lest they should never gain the wished-for shore—
Thus we, O Father! standing Thee before,
Do lay down at Thy feet without a sigh,
Each after each our precious things and rare,
Our dear heart-jewels and our garlands fair;
Perhaps Thou knowest that the flowers would die,
And the long-voyned boards be found but dust;
So tookst them white unchanged; to Thee we trust
For incorruptible treasure. Thon art just."

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

Earth and the Skies Unite in Submission.—Matt. vi. 10.
God's will in heaven's land. It's hap-

piness and beauty are derived from the fact that there is no friction to the blessed out-workings of the Divine Mind. Since earth is just as much God's creation as heaven, there is no reason why His will should not be as perfectly performed here as in the skies. God's world can never reach His ideal until His way is laid in every life. Nature is in harmony. Man's perversity only spoils the picture of the universe.

MONDAY.

The Lesson of a Life-Time.—Acts xxi. 14.

The lesson which takes most of us longest to learn in the school of submission is outlined in this simple little verse. Yet upon this depends our peace of mind, position in God's sight, and success in the service to which he has called us. The mystery which worry the heart of others find and not their explanation a patient acquiescence which takes the annoyance out of them.

TUESDAY.

Our Privilege to Know His Will.—Col. i. 9.

To do God's will we must know it, and God has made every provision that through the guidance of His Holy Spirit we should not be in the dark concerning it. Those who seek to know the will of God are not denied. There is such a thing as wilful ignorance, and this is dangerous disobedience to be played with by anyone.

WEDNESDAY.

God's Will Done Through Me.—Psalm cxlii. 10.

The more we realize the more we value the possibility of working out Divine purposes in our heart and life. It is God's pleasure to make us the instrumentality through which His plans for the world's blessing are wrought. If to this end is involved the pruning and perfecting of our character, may we still say Amen to His will.

THURSDAY.

The Only Way in Which I can do it Acceptably.—Eph. vi. 6.

To do the will of God so as to receive the "Well done" of Heaven, and to as fully as our capacity admits of fulfil His wishes, we must do it from the heart. A grudging submission, a hesitating acquiescence, are mockeries to God, and serious faults on the part of the individual.

FRIDAY.

A Whole-Hearted Surrender.—Matt. xxvi. 39.

To put God's interests first in all things and at all times is to reach nearest the soul's ideal attitude towards God. Our sorrows will be soothed, our griefs comforted, and our perplexities find meaning in proportion to our willingness to place self last, in our consideration and Heaven's interests first.

SATURDAY.

A Life in Harmony with Heaven.—Ps. xxxi. 15.

To have a soul fitted with heavenly powers amid earthly distractions is high ground to attain to. This is possible if the soul is continuously in harmony with the will of its Creator and His ordering of its life and work.

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Exodus xxxii. 1-13.

This narrative shows the Israelites in the most discreditable light in which they have yet appeared. Their faithlessness here throws all gratitude and confidence alike aside, and is an instance of how soon men can forget the most lavish blessings bestowed by Heaven.

The Children of Israel here proved themselves to be of that untrustworthy type of people who are only to be depended upon when their leader's eyes are upon them. When his back was turned they forgot their covenant and promises, forgot his trust in them, forgot more than all the ever-present Eye of God which was upon them, and wholly lapsed into an idolatry by which they had not been enslaved for generations.

Moses was up in the mount talking to God, and saying, as he did, a long while

in that blessed communion, the doubting hearts he had left behind concluded that they should never see him again. They forthwith threw off the restraint which his presence would have exercised, and their murmurings and questionings found vent in the request for an idol.

This shows first that they must have been people whose memories were of that short, ungrateful character which takes God's gifts as a matter of course, and forgets the next day by Whom they were given. They had had abundant proofs not only of the existence of God, but of His special favor and blessing towards them, yet now they can, in a moment's impulse overthrow their faith and withhold their service to seek a god of gold; and this in the face of the fact that they had been so strictly commanded—"Thou shalt have no other gods but Me."

Then their action also reveals the flimsy spirit which must have actuated their worship, even while it had been given. If it had been real heart-allegiance to God, it would have been as true when Moses was away as when he led them personally. Pure religion and undefiled is the same under and without supervision—change of leaders, absence of spiritual shepherds, or alteration of circumstances make no difference to it.

The next punishment of this iniquity would have been destruction, and this in justice would have fallen upon the idolaters had it not been for the prayer of Moses, by whose intercession mercy withheld the avenging sword and gave the undeserving another chance. And there have been numberless illustrations throughout later history that the prayer of the righteous prevails with God for men.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

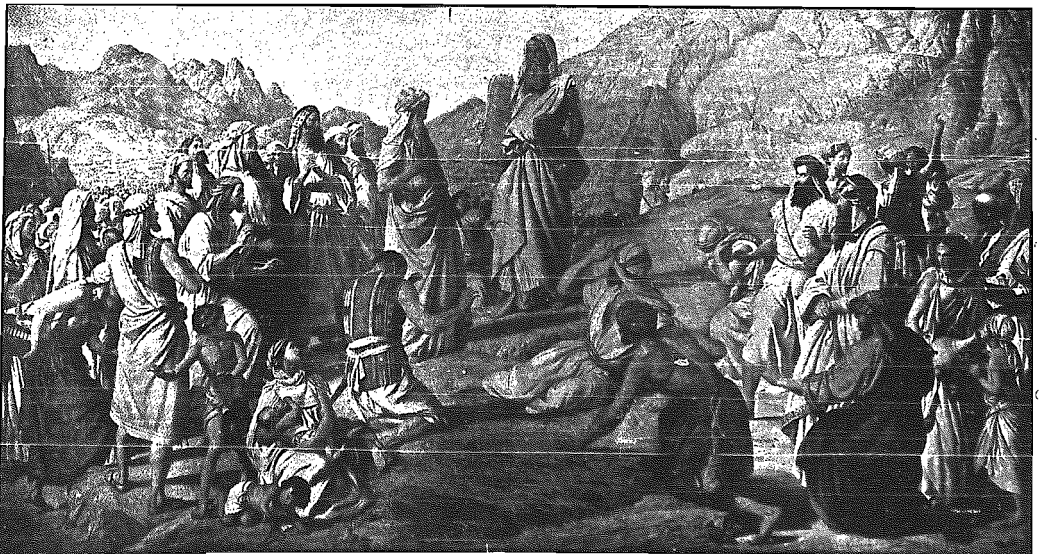
The Special

HARVEST
FESTIVAL
WAR CRY!

A Special Number at the Ordinary Price.

DON'T MISS IT!

He who is careless and lukewarm lath trouble upon trouble, and suffereth anguish upon every side, because he is without inward consolation, and is forbidden to seek that which is outward.



MOSES' DESCENT FROM SINAI.

Hits and Misses.

H. F. Preparation Lessons— Founded on Fact.

By J. E. M.

1. Capt. Mc—almost doubted his big target, Magnificent victory! Points by which he won:

- (a) Began on time.
- (b) Brought the Juniors to the front.
- (c) Advertised the campaign in an original way.
- (d) Arranged stalls for Seniors and Juniors and made a good display in decoration.

(e) In short, carried out the full program of Hand-Book.

Result—Was a joy to his P. O., an inspiration to his comrades and a comfort to his Commissioner.

0 0 0

2. E—was going to do a big thing, assured himself, his P. O. and everybody else he came in contact with that his target was all right. Delayed organizing, collecting, etc., until the actual H. F. week. Postponed H. F. sale, forgot to advertise, got out of town and came to buy, was going to move the earth in theory and "gas," but did not bend himself to it, so he missed his \$90 target by \$80.

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3. Capt. T—did not believe in collecting cash for H. F. because of its injury to S. D., applied himself and forces to acquire produce, goods, etc., his wife buying herself with needle, sewing machine and cloth and getting ready to join her. Adhered to Hand-Book. Sold goods to great advantage at Festival. Hit his target bang—and deserved to.

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4. Capt. —'s corps was behind with rent. Landlord was an out-of-door and the P. O. with the old yarn, "Soldiers and friends don't want money sent out of town." Went down himself under the narrow plea that "Charity begins at home." Forgot the injunction of the Master, "Seek first the Kingdom," and put self and soldiers first and did nothing. Result—Few weeks later rumormongers in the corps, nearly all the soldiers left, the few converts backslid and the Captain and the Army became disgraced.

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5. Capt. —, at — corps, in similar difficulty as above for rent, etc., but the debt was three times as heavy. People made the same objections, "Must have the cash applied for local purposes or we won't do anything." Captain stood up to them, pleading the Bible principle of giving the needs of the poor and unfortunate, who were in a far worse condition than themselves, shamed them with cases of self-interest and self-denial and tackled the H. F. in dead earnest, praying as she went about it. Some opposed her out and out, some criticized, a few grumbled, others rejoined and turned in. Result — Hit her target and sent in the cash. God found a way to send the corps a good donation just after. Every soldier was delighted, and promised not to fight the H. F. of '99.

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6. Capt. — miserably failed. Could not bother with reading that long, tedious Hand-Book. What did they who wrote it know about it? They were on the Staff. What did they know about it? They were a corps. Did a little towards the last, but was so late did not get half the target.

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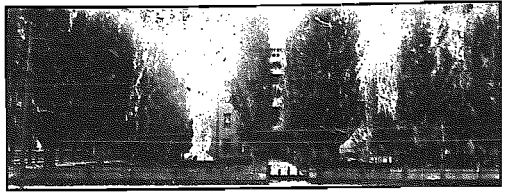
7. The Captain of A — was up early in the morning to catch farmers' market and had her few soldiers going in all directions. Canvassed systematically for fruits, vegetables and the like. Very small corps, but sent the H. F. up from \$18 to \$19. Financial returns from \$18 in '97 to \$72 in '98. Not a big town or corps either. This, too, brought Adj. —'s corps from \$45 to \$72.

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8. Through the combined effort of system, organization, spirit, determination, good precept and example, Capt. — fairly drove the H. F. financial returns from \$18 in '97 to \$72 in '98. Not a big town or corps either. This, too, brought Adj. —'s corps from \$45 to \$72.

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9. More ink of interest, however, concerning Capt. — to miss the target. What did it matter? What advantage would it be to me? There is enough to



Lewiston Public School.

do without H. F. "Suppose I must do a little or I may get court-martialed," etc., and down to the amount from \$20 in '97 to \$13 in '98.

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10. It was real hard work—a simple, practical putting the Hand-Book into action—that made Ensign — bring her corps up from \$30 in '97 to \$41.00 in '98. She will do better still in '99. The same might be said of Adj. —, who, with an heroic struggle, dragged his corps from \$45 to \$60.

A Trip up North

WITH

Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips.

We did not make a very bright beginning. In the first place, we had to be up at 5.30 a.m. to catch the train, and so felt tired. Then it was the day before the 1st, and the cars were very much crowded. This, with the intense heat, tried our faith and patience a little.

However, we got to Stratford about breakfast time, with two hours to wait, just time, we thought, to go up and coax Mrs. Adj. Hughes for a cup of tea. No sooner thought of than done, only that Mrs. Hughes did not need any coaxing. We got a good cup of tea, and life at once took on a brighter hue.

We arrived at PALMERSTON at noon. The band was at the station, playing well for the time they have practised. Ensign Orchard had a dinner and tea arranged for the soldiers, and a very nice time we had. It was the 15th anniversary of the corps. The Seniors were very good, the largest for months, and the income over twice the usual for the week-end. Capt. Helman and Sergt. Major and Mrs. Keeswell of London were in evidence. The Captain at her old job of "Cry" pushing. The Sergt. Major and his wife sang some lovely duets, and helped along generally. "We are

The Champion Kye-Dollers of the District

now," said Ensign, with a glowing face.

In the afternoon we had testimonies from some who had been saved 60 years and some of only a few months' standing. Everyone was the essence of enthusiasm, and we enjoyed the visit very much.

On Tuesday we went to DRAYTON and had two good meetings, though the thunderstorm that came up spoiled the crowd. Wednesday night Drayton is a pretty little town, with some good buildings. The barracks also is a credit to the corps. A few faithful soldiers plod on for God and soul, and will surely reap a harvest some day.

Wednesday and Thursday we spent at LISTOWEL. Strawberry festival first night. League of Mercy second. A great deal of interest was shown towards the work of the league. Capt. Mathers and Lieut. Mumford have cleaned and papered the barracks and quarters, and have things looking very nice. See, McKenzle received a sum of one of her smiles that seem to say, "Make yourself at home," and so we did. One brother told in the open air that he had been a Salvationist eleven years, and that Providence to that time he had only been

In a Place of Worship Twice in Nineteen Years.

The next week-end was spent at WINGHAM. We always enjoy visiting Capt. Brannigan's corps. She has a warm way of holding you welcome, and making you feel she is glad you came. Wingham is rather hard. Well, that is, it might be softer. The meetings were fairly well attended, and we

believe good was done. Ice cream on Monday. Captain did infinitely better than she expected to.

Tuesday we got home just a little tired, but very much gratified with the trip, and ready to go again. Fight on comrades up north. God sees your toll, and will reward you. Nothing done in His name shall be forgotten.

Among the old stand-bys, we were glad to meet S. M. Searr, Drayton; Treas. Cowan, Palmerston; Bro. McKenzle, Listowel; Bro. Cantlin, Wingham; and many others, men and women who have stood by the Flag for many years. God bless them. The Junior work is picking up all round the district. The locals are working faithfully. Ensign Orchard is a well known figure in that part of the country. Sticking at it seems to be his motto, and he will win.

GOOD WEEK-END MEETINGS AT ST. THOMAS.

A grand reception was tendered Capt. and Mrs. Keeler here last Friday night, July 21st. They have just returned from their wedding trip, having been married about three weeks ago at Seaford. For six months previous to her marriage Mrs. Keeler was a Mrs. Capt. Ensign, our leader in the great Salvation fight, and right nobly did she fill that position. Many were shown the way to Jesus by her, and at the close of the Siege effort, on Good Friday night, 12 or 14 converts, the writer included, and for which I thank God with all my heart, were enrolled by her under the good old Army Flag. She also formed a Senior string band, Junior string band, and singing brigade.

We gave her and her husband a right welcome back to St. Thomas, where together they will lead us on to fight for God, we hope, for some time to come. The barracks was filled. As Capt. and Mrs. Keeler entered volley after volley was fired by the band and by all the people.

After prayer by Capt. Cockerill and Capt. Keeler, the program was gone through to the satisfaction of all. One welcome song, sung by seven Juniors, is worthy of special notice, on account of the words of the song being composed by the Lieutenant for the occasion. The Lieutenant read a welcome address on behalf of the Senior members of the corps, and presented it with a handsome china tea set to Mrs. Keeler, and grand applause. The seniors also had a welcome address and a present of a silver pickle cruet, which was presented to Mrs. Keeler, on behalf of the Juniors, by Lieut. Dickson.

After the program came the supper. The tables were set in the hall in front of the barracks. I don't know how to describe this part of the reception. How the tables groined beneath the deficiencies placed upon them as the local corps address and a present of a silver pickle cruet, which was presented to Mrs. Keeler, on behalf of the Juniors, by Lieut. Dickson.

On Saturday night we had a good, lively meeting, and all day Sunday God's presence was felt amongst us. At night one dear brother came and gave his heart to God.

While we have been rejoicing over Capt. and Mrs. Keeler coming amongst us, yet we all felt sad at heart on Sunday night at having to say good-bye to our Lieutenant, who has been so faithful and worked so hard amongst us for nearly seven months. But God may bless her and make her a blessing to as many people in Seaford as she has been to people in St. Thomas, rises from the hearts of all her St. Thomas comrades.—B. G.

An Adventure On the Fast Freight.

One day in my professional residence at Seaford, Misses — and I had occasion to go to an adjacent town some miles distant. The engagement being very pressing, I could not wait for the regular passenger train, but was forced to make my way there in the caboose of the fast freight. There were several other gentlemen in the caboose when I boarded it. Among them I particularly observed one who appeared to be a carpenter, laboring under the burden of a heavy bar of tools.

It happened that on one side of the caboose stood a tub of fat, oily refuse, used, no doubt, for oiling the wheels and parts of the common freight machinery. The atmosphere being very warm, this oily matter had melted and become very sloppy. During the progress of the journey, the carpenter, shifting his position from one side of the tub to the other, very unfortunately stumbled over this tub of melted grease, splashing a large part over the clean floor of the caboose. He lamented the accident very sorrowfully, and proceeded, with a few odd words that were very in order, to correct the mischief as quickly as possible.

At that moment, however, the conductor of the train came in. The carpenter started, and, looking up at the conductor, a hot-tempered man, flared up in an instant at the sight of that monstrous grease spot on the immaculate floor of his caboose, and for fully five minutes he showered upon that unfortunate carpenter such a torrent of the vilest abuse that it causes an involuntary shudder even now as I recollect it.

At the next station the carpenter signified his intention of getting out. He appeared to be very angry, and his countenance showed an unusual paleness, whether on account of the sultry condition of the atmosphere or the force on slant of that brutal conductor I was unable to say. As he was about to alight, prompted by a disinterested and generous motive, I went up to that gentleman as the train was slowing up, and in a kindly manner, offered to assist him and his heavy burden from the step platform. He looked at me with a most peculiar look of surprise, which, since he said nothing, I immediately construed into an acceptance of my services.

As we were about to alight, on a fine evening, along the streets of Seaford, when I observed someone coming rapidly along the pavement behind me. When he had caught up with me, he tipped his hat to me respectfully, and said:

"Sir, are you Dr. Y—?" calling me by name. I answered in the affirmative.

"Don't you recognize me?" he said. I replied that I did not.

He then explained that he was my friend the carpenter, whom I had assisted from the platform of the fast freight on a certain hot day in August, over six years ago. He said, "I could not resist the incident immediately, and expressed great pleasure to have met him."

"Oh, sir," he went on in a most earnest manner, "that you did a most wonderful service for me that day by your kind offer of assistance. It was only a little act; but, sir, that little act saved me from being a murderer."

I was naturally much surprised at such a statement, and I became greatly interested in the story, but he continued:

"I had intended, sir, in the bitterness of my soul, to have revenge on that dog of a conductor. In fact, I was already about to begin to lay my hands on him, when I happened to see you; and I thought, 'How heavy hammer I had with me in his hand. But your kind words, breaking so unexpectedly on my dark, gloomy feelings, arrested my murderous purpose. I was ashamed; but I determined to show myself a man, and kept back the mad impulse that was gaining its control over me. I did it, sir, and I am a free man to-day.' God bless you! I shall never forget it."

My heart was too full for reply. I extended my hand, and as the unrestrained tears sprang up in each other's eyes, we warmly grasped hands and parted. As we walked home, I was reflecting, more slowly than usual, I thought how sweet life would be, if, without such ostentatious philanthropy, for which we sometimes have such an extravagant regard, we might begin to cultivate such a spirit of kindly forbearance and helpfulness, one toward another, that, as the humdrum minutiae of daily life go ticking fast, we might have them fill up by just such little acts of kindness.—Alexander H. Robbins.

Amongst the Fire Worshippers in India.

By LIBERTY-COL. ALICE LEWIS.

DURING my somewhat short stay in India, the conversion of the Parsees (Fire Worshippers) was laid strongly upon my heart, and in response to much prayer on their behalf, in a remarkable manner God opened up the way for me to do some Gospel pioneering work amongst them.

The Parsees are a wealthy and haughty race. Was I to find such of their number as embrace the Christianity of Christ. They are absolutely and literally out-cast from the dearest and most sacred ties of relationship.

They have, however, some naturally beautiful qualities, and perhaps the following brief incidents, culled from among a unique experience, will illustrate why we yearned, by the help of God, to draw aside the veil of mystery and illusion, and see them rejoicing in the full light and love of a Saviour's pardoning grace.

Prayers with a Parsee Editress.

Quite early one morning my comrade and myself found ourselves in an elegantly-furnished apartment in Bombay, awaiting the entrance of a Parsee Editress.

The door opened and in walked three sweet-looking Parsee girls. They formed a pretty and fascinating picture, as half-shyly, and yet with ill-concealed curiosity they saluted in Eastern fashion the two fair-faced girls, who, attired like themselves, had called upon them.

Our Editress was one of the three. She spoke perfect English, and we were soon in the midst of an interesting discussion on the work of the Salvation Army in India. Many and interesting were the questions they asked, and in conclusion, I was invited to write an article on the late Mrs. General Booth, for publication in their paper that had a circulation amongst Parsees the wide world over.

We rose to part, when, as was my custom everywhere in India, no matter what the caste or creed, I asked if we might pray before we went good-bye.

A startled look crossed the features of the girls, but summoning up courage, the Editress consented.

It was a sight ever to be remembered. These three girls of grave and taken, having so much, and yet in need of the beautiful, soul-lifting, imperishable truths of Jesus and His love. With arms entwined around each other's waists, with serious looks, full of almost alarmed interrogation, they stood there as we two knelt to pray.

A divine influence hallowed the touching episode. God was surely wonder-

fully present in our midst. And as we ended a burning request to our personal Saviour that He would flash into the hearts of those dear girls His spirit of truth and revelation, we heard timidly and softly whispered across the room from the lips of our listeners an earnest and resolute "Amen."

In the Home of the Upper Class.

Sometimes I had to visit alone. On such an occasion, I made my way to the superb and palatial bungalow on Malabar Hill, of one of the wealthiest Parsees in Bombay. I was ushered into an extraordinarily large reception room, furnished for visitors regardless of cost. Almost every phase of art was elaborately represented there.

Having to wait a while, I had ample time to make mental notes. I observed that in the rear of the room were several small rooms screened off by exquisitely carved shutters. I must have been waiting fully a half-hour, when one of these shutters was slowly opened and there issued forth a Parsee of slight stature and build. From his clasped hands there hung a string of Oriental beads, while around his waist was the Parsee's triple cord, showing their trinity of doctrines—(good thoughts, good words, good deeds.)

As the Parsee approached me he apologized for detaining me by saying "he had been at his prayers." He gave me a most patient and courteous hearing, thanked me for the Salvation Army, for the work it was doing in India, and handed me a liberal donation towards our Social work there.

The Parsee Mode of Funeral.

How vague are their ideas of a future hope. I have studied their written works and have conversed with their people. They told me frankly that their women prayed in a tongue the meaning of which they did not know. They rely entirely upon their own merits, and around all their brightest and best intelligence is woven the shadow of the unknown.

I have stood in their burial grounds, the famous Towers of Silence, and have shuddered while one of the best known Parsees of the city explained how they bury their dead.

The corpse is laid upon a stretcher and carried to the cemetery, followed by a few of the nearest relatives. Within so many feet of the Tower, the body is taken by the cemetery attendants and put through an iron door on to a sort of grid-iron inside the Tower. The attendants take every scrap of clothing off the body (which they handle with white-gloved hands) and then wait until the first vulture swoops down through the open-topped Tower and plucks an eye from the dead face. Then they retire outside, tell the friends which eye was plucked, and a great deal of significance about the future depends upon this important fact, leaving the vultures to do their awful work. By-and-bye the bones of the body drop through the bare right down into the lime-lined pits beneath, where the waters of the sea rush constantly in and carry the whitened bones out into its depths. The dead is reckoned unclean, and therefore must not defile the elements of

fire, earth, air, or water. Hence this, to us, revolting putting away of those gone before.

In the Castle of a Baronet.

I had been instructed to see a Parsee Baronet about our work. One day, therefore, we drove up to a grand looking castle. I was rather surprised at the comparative insignificance of the entrance, as at a distance the palace had seemed so massive. However, we lighted and walked inside the door, when, to our confusion, we were immediately surrounded by quite a large number of Parsee women, young, middle-aged, and old. Both in English and Gujarathi, they bombarded us with some rather awkward questions, as, for instance, "Where we married?" and "How many children had we?" and so on.

We were feeling extremely embarrassed when a messenger arrived to say we had driven to the wrong door, and that the Baronet and his mother were waiting us at the castle.

(We subsequently found out that we had entered the Dowry house, where the Dowager widows of various generations resided together at the expense of the head of the family, the Baronet next door.)

We were cordially received and an account of our work invited. We utilized every opportunity of bringing in the sublime truths and principles of our God. A magnificent Grand Piano was in the apartment, and the Baronet asked me to sing one of our little Army songs. With trembling hand, and with a prayer on my lips that the effort put forth in weakness might be blessed and used of God, I sang in the Gujarathi language that glorious song—

"Just as I am, without one plea."

It was with glad hallelujahs in our hearts my comrade and I subsequently bade farewell, rejoicing that we had been so privileged as to visit through the lofty castle wings of lovely song, such messages of Divine yearning and inspiration.

Not always were we thus received. On the tokens of appreciation out of regard for our lofty Hindu garb and our chosen native habits, were amply sufficient to encourage us forward in spreading a knowledge of Jesus and His power to save amongst the Fire Worshippers of Bombay.

Social Secretary's Notes.

We were pleased to note that the officers of the St. John's Sham Corps, for the month of June, visited: 151 families, 14 saloons, 64 sick and dying persons. Surely the Saviour will say to these dear officers, "I was sick and ye visited Me."

Things are looking up at the Lifeboat, Toronto, under Capt. King. I found that for the month of June, 1,247 were supplied, and 28 applicants for employment were registered.

But of course the Lighthouse, at Montreal, with more accommodations, does better than that, and records the following high figures for the same month: 2,370 beds and 9,848 meals supplied, and 23 found employment through the labor bureau. Ensign Collier is in charge.

We have received the first reports from Dawson City Shelter and Woodyard. Adj. Frank Morris, the officer in charge of the work there, reports very favorably.

The following are some of the results of the work accomplished in the different institutions throughout the Territory for the month of June:

7,947 beds supplied.
16,431 meals supplied.
187 men have been found employment.
72 spiritual meetings have been held.

And there were four Shelters to be heard from. This and much better will do.

J. S. PUGMIRE,
Social Secretary.

In my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did with unbalanced forehead
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my soul is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. —Shakespeare.



"These ducks keep calling out: 'Walk-walk! Why, ye foolish fowl, be content to ride in the wagon. If I would let you walk the four miles to the barracks there would be little fat left on your backs, and you would fetch only a poor price for Harvest Festival!'"

A Prisoner's Poem.

By JNO. W. COGILLAN.

I am a Deer Lodge prisoner,
But always glad to tell
Of Him Whose love is with me,
He saves from the gates of hell;
Well pleased His captive to be,
For love, His love, consumeth me.

No bolts, no bars, I never see,
No stripes or fetters know,
My prison cell is radiant fair,
His peace, His presence everywhere;
I look through God's own eyes of light,
He changed them when He gave me sight.

I'm never weary, never sad,
I'll tell you why it's so,
My Saviour's arm I'm leaning on,
He leads to the land of angel song;
That's why I'm smiling on His wing,
He is my Shepherd, Priest and King.

I look through grated windows,
And see the beautiful snow
Scattered over dale and mountain,
Where the rivers in torrents flow;
Whilst gazing on this earthly sight,
My soul drinks in the heavenly light.

Oh! 'till nights of peaceful slumber
I with my Saviour dwell,
The angels are hovering over us,
Seeing that all is well;
That's why I have no fear of night,
I keep my armour clean and bright.

Before I knew my Saviour
I was in a prison thrown,
Then I fought in Satan's army,
With the will of a frenzied clown;
The shackles of sin were bolted tight,
One stroke of God's hammer, and all was right.

My comrades of former days, beware,
Lest a fate like mine be your lot to share,
Enter the ark while the door stands wide,
Escape for your life from the tempest and tide;
Let the King of kings your captain be,
There's a crown in heaven for you and me.

In Babylon's armour be fully clothed,
Go, gird on faith's shield and the Spirit's sword,
Rivet thy breastplate close and tight,
And shoe thy feet with the Gospel's light;
Then bind thy loins with truth so fair,
And salvation's helmet thy brow wear.

To the breeze let the Gospel's banner wave,
Go equipped thy brother's soul to save,
Follow thy Saviour brave and strong,
He'll lead to battle with His warriors' song;
Prove thy tried weapons against the foe,
Whose victory's won thy trumpet blow.

THE DATES FOR THE Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY
ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th,
(INCLUSIVE).

The poor, the starving, the homeless, the suffering children of the street,
all cry out to you to give your share out of your stores and harvest-
ings, which you have reaped by the blessing of God, to bless with
It your less fortunate fellow-men.

GAZETTE.

Promotion—

Capt. Thorkildsen, to be ENSIGN.

Appointments—

ADJT. SMITH to take charge of the Indian work on the coast of British Columbia.

ENSIGN THORKILSDON to assist in the Indian work on the coast of British Columbia.

Capt. Rowe, late of the C. O. P., to be District Financial Officer at the Montreal District.

EVANGELINE C. ROOTH, Field Commissaire.



"In Everything Give Thanks."

Such is the exhortation of Paul, and such devout men have preached and practised throughout the ages. We are supposed to thank the Lord daily for his innumerable benefits, but there are seasons when we have special opportunities, and can do it in a practical manner and most suitably. Harvest Festival is the most appropriate of seasons for rejoicing and thanking God for His mercies by blessing those less favored than ourselves, and by supporting such efforts that are put forth to advance the interests of the Kingdom of Heaven. We do the planting and cultivating, but God giveth the increase. Let us recognize this, whether we are tillers of the ground or toilers of the shop. It is the blessing of God that mysteriously multiplies the handful of meal and the remnant of oil in the cruse of the widow. And it is the curse of God that blights every hope and scatters the ill-gotten wealth of the wicked. Let us, therefore, give willingly in kind of the direct or indirect fruits of our labor, and so make this Harvest Festival a real Thanksgiving Season, a rejoicing in the Lord, a bringing in of the tithes, a gleaming time for the Ruth's of society, and the occasion of a jubilee in heaven over a harvest of souls.

The S. A. Exhibition.

The Great Salvation Army Exhibition, recently held in the Agricultural Hall, London, has been a unique success. It has brought the multitudes in touch with all phases of Salvation Army work, it has been a gigantic object lesson to every visitor, it has won the sympathy of many indifferent or hostile persons, and has proved a great impetus to our own soldiers and officers. We shall endeavor to describe briefly the main features of the Exhibition in our H. F. War Cry.

The Chief Secretary
AT THE COAST.

(Special)

The Chief Secretary's Pacific tour has been a grand success all through. Hot reception everywhere. Wedding at Spokane. Great open-air demonstration at Rossland. Met at Vancouver by Indian Band from the North. Excellent meetings. Souls.

HOWELL.



I have just returned from the West. It was only a hurried visit, principally on business, with 28 meetings thrown in. How many times was I asked, "What do you think of the West?" Well, I really could not state the exact number. The Salvation Army, its present and future, is the question that interested me most, and as the crowds are going West thousands of people every year pouring into it, and there is still room for thousands more—my opinion is, we have not heard the last of the great Northwest.

At Winnipeg our highest ambitions were reached, as far as the meetings were concerned. Crowds were good, and soldiers were enthusiastic for souls. Arrangements were made for the erection of a new barracks. Adjt. Kerr has arrived, and great things are expected of her. Everybody looks likely for a grand harvest of souls.

We had the privilege of being present at two officers' councils. What a chance these North-West officers have! How the angels would like to take their places and pioneer the Salvation Army in that great country. May these officers be faithful to the great God-given opportunity.

We were sorry to find Major McMillan anything but well; however, some arrangements were made for him to have a rest, which, I trust, will prove very beneficial to him.

My next stop was Lethbridge, after 24 hours' run, passing through the beautiful wheat fields of Manitoba. If I mistake not a bountiful harvest is in store for the farmers. This should make the Harvest Festival a grand success. All along the thought impressed me, the goodness of God in giving the wealth to the nations: without the free air, sun and rain would not be worth a dollar. May we be more thankful and recognize in Him the Author and Giver of every good gift.

Lethbridge is a nice little flourishing town, with plenty of fresh air, plenty of room for growing, beautiful prairies all round, and a beautiful S. A. corps. The principal industry is coal mining. We had a very encouraging meeting and received the greatest kindness from the officers and soldiers. Capt. Mitchell and Lieut. Wicks held the fort.

Now for some mountains. We start at 7:30 a.m. to go over the new Crow's Nest Pass Railway. I am no good at describing scenery, it is not in my line. Hour after hour we go around, along the side, up, over, and down the mountain. Towns are already sprouting up. We passed by Fernie and Cranbrook. Someone ought to deed a piece of land free to the Army in both of these new towns. Let it be on a front street and cut up in the mountain where it is hard to reach.

We arrived at Nelson next day. Brigadier Howell meets us here. We have at Nelson a very nice brass band, a gould-sized corps. I enjoyed the very large open-air meeting also, the good meeting inside, with some souls seeking God. The comrades are busy with a building scheme. I think our visit will considerably help them to a successful termination. Adjt. Woodruff and Capt. Bonetto are in charge.

Rossland was all alive the day of our arrival, being Trades' Union Day. We have not heard the last of Rossland yet. Our work has been hindered for want of a large barracks. We held our meeting in the street, a temporary platform had been erected. The city gives a much more solid look, or "come-to-stay appearance" than is generally supposed. The corps is building a new barracks, comprising a large hall, Junior hall, officers' quarters, etc. Capt. Haas and Quant are pushing it in red-hot style.

Looking over the mountains at first it may be considered a little out of the question to be able to have a Harvest Festival Thanksgiving. So it would be with regards to a harvest of wheat and fruit. The harvest of the mountains is not golden grain, but gold, silver, copper, etc. They were placed there by an All-wise Creator; therefore let us recognize it, and render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's.

Spokane, the Headquarters of the Pacific, is salvation all alive. We have here a good corps, a Rescue Home, and Men's Shelter. I stayed here for two days. We had very successful meetings. The prospects are excellent for a new future. Staff-Capt. Gage is fast becoming a Westerner; he likes the West and the West likes him.

Our finish up was at the coast cities, Victoria and Vancouver. Our visit to the former was very short, owing to some important re-arrangements we had to make. I spent the Sunday at Vancouver. Ensign Lester in charge. Staff-Captain Galt was introduced as

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S TOUR

Colonel Jacobs Visits the Pacific Province—A Most Successful and Enjoyable Tour—Our Western Troops Delighted with the Visit of the Colonel—A Wedding at Spokane—Indian Brass Band Meets the Colonel at Vancouver.

By BRIGADIER HOWELL.

WE hailed with delight the announcement of the Chief Secretary's Pacific tour, and looked forward with pleasure to his arrival at Nelson, B. C., a city of growing importance.

Here we have a splendid corps and a fine band. The P. O. went up the Kootenai Lake to meet our worthy Colonel. He received a warm welcome from both the P. O. and the Western mosquitoes, who seemed delighted to meet him on the boat.

The meetings Saturday night and all day Sunday were grand in every respect. Everybody was charmed with the Colonel's visit.

Excellent meetings Saturday night and Sunday. The C. S. did a good stroke for God and the Army in the Kootenai. His straight talks went home and many remarked he was a good sample of H. Q. Staff.

July 17th, the day of the Colonel's visit to Rossland, happened to be Miners' Union Day, perhaps the most important day of the year in this part of the world. The rustling Captain of the Rossland corps was up to date, and had obtained permission from the Mayor and arranged a great open-air demonstration. The street was almost blocked and the Colonel received a rousing welcome from the soldiers and citizens of that lively city. The C. S. was much impressed with the supply of ice cream soda, at two bits a dish.

Treasurer Bauer welcomed the Colonel on behalf of the soldiers and citizens. This visit was a grand success.

After a long, thirsty ride on the S. P. and N. Ry., we arrived at Spokane, the S. A. seat of government for the Pacific Province. Adjt. Stevens had made excellent arrangements for the event. Here

the District Officer of the Coast Division, with Headquarters at Victoria. The crowds were good, a very nice influence prevailed all the meetings. There were some seekers at the Mercy Seat.

Adjt. Robt. Smith and Ensign Thorkildsen was dedicated to the Indian Work, and has sailed North for the purpose of pushing the claims of God among that race. We had the assistance of the Indian Band on Sunday.

NOW READY!

"LIFE OF JOHN READ."

Biography of the late Brigadier Read, written by Mrs. Read, who has endeavored to make the book not only a story of the man, but of the character, but a true portrayal of a typical Army officer's life.

The book will be the size of Mrs. Booth's "Popular Christianity," about 200 pages, and is of two qualities—the first bound in the best English cloth, with gilt lettering on the cover; the second with a real good paper cover. The paper in both is exceptionally fine. There will be a good frontispiece picture of Brigadier Read, never before published, and a special memorial song and music, with a small sketch of his last resting place 'n' Abbey Park.

The price has been set at the lowest possible figure, 50 cents for the cloth and 30 cents for the paper. The profits will be devoted to the Rescue Work. In the United States the price will be 60 cents and 40 cents, owing to import duties.

Order at once from Brigadier Mrs. Read, James St., Toronto.

The C. S. met some old and new comrades, who gave him a hearty welcome. Adjt. Stevens, Adjt. and Mrs. Dodd, Ensign and Mrs. Alward and Mother Langtry all took part. An interesting ceremony took place. During the Chief's visit Bro. Vaughan and Sister Greig were married under the Flag. Everybody knows the Colonel's ability on such occasions as this. Everything went off in splendid order. Spokane people fell in love with our honored Colonel.

Another flying visit to Rossland, then on to the coast. Victoria gave the distinguished visitor a fitting reception. His stay was very short but he enjoyed his visit.

And now comes Vancouver, the entrepôt city of British Columbia. We were surprised to find the Indian brass band here—no wonder, S. A. whose visit to the coast was on their account. They were highly delighted to find that at last their cry for help has been heard and officers are now sent to them.

The Colonel was charmed with the state of the corps and social instruction. He eulogized the officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Patterson, Ensign Lester and Captain Pattie, for the work done. The meetings here were times of blessing to officers, soldiers and people alike. The Colonel left an excellent impression behind him. The crowds and marches were all that could be desired. The C. S. was able to assist by Staff-Capt. Galt at Nelson and Vancouver. She caught on fine at both places, and I can assure you receive a warm reception from her B. C. officers and soldiers. We predict for her a grand run of success on the coast.

Adjt. Smith and Ensign Thorkildsen took part in the meetings at Vancouver. Our worthy comrades are appointed to commence operations among the Indians up north. The Colonel seemed very much pleased with his visit. We were delighted with his presence. The P. O. found him a great help while he was passing through deep waters of affliction. God bless the C. S.

Mrs. Griffith, of Toronto, SAINT AND SOLDIER, Promoted to Glory July 28th, 1889.

"WATCHED a sail until it dropped
from sight
Over the rounding sea. A gleam
of white,
A last far-fashed farewell, and like to
thought,
Slipped out of mind, it vanished and was
not.

Yet, to the helmsman standing at the
wheel,
Broad sea still stretched before the glid-
ing keel,
Disaster? Change? He felt no slight-
est sign.
Nor dreamed he of that dim horizon
line.
So may it be, perchance, when down the
tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they
glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown
bound,
We call it death—to them 'tis life be-
yond."



MRS. GRIFFITH,
Of the Temple Corps, Toronto.

These beautiful thoughts upon the pass-
ing away of the saint seem singularly ap-
propriate to one whose summons has
been a sudden one, and they flashed
through our mind on hearing of the mid-
night call which made the warrior-
spirit of her whose names lends these
lines farewell from earth's service for
crowning in heaven.

We always knew that her hold upon
life was frail, but that it held through
death as well as life had been snapped without
warning sent a stab of sorrow through
the wide circle of officers, soldiers and
friends who knew and loved our com-
rade.

The last July night her or-
phan children went down to the
"Toronto" wharf to meet their
mother, who had been spending a few
days with an old friend near the lake.
"I never remember mother so bright for
months," one said afterwards. "She
both looked and spoke stronger than for
a long time."

It was after 10 before they reached
home, and then her cheerful chat kept
them sitting up for a good time later.
At half-past twelve, feeling a sudden
strangeness stealing over her, Mrs.
Griffith called her daughter. During
the next paroxysms of pain which fol-
lowed, only one conscious word was
audible: "Oh, let me go home!"

Before ten minutes had passed the
struggle was over, and earth poorer and
heaven richer by one warrior soul.

The sorrow of the children left behind
was great when the reality of their sud-
den loss dawned upon them, yet in their
bitterness moment they could not grieve
for her to whom their loss meant such
infinite gain. She had had so much
suffering in her life, often the weary
frame was racked by agony and grow-
ing frailty had whispered, "It is e-
nough," and with one brief spasm
taken her to the land where all
weariness is soothed away and pain is
never known.

The funeral was a testimony to the
wide respect and affection in which our

comrade was held. The memorial con-
ducted by Mrs. Colonel Margetts, an
old and intimate friend at the Temple,
was a memorable service. The march
which followed yet perhaps more so.
Over 300 people made up the long pro-
cession, which included Staff and Field
Officers of all ranks and soldiers from
all corps. The united band numbered
30 or 40 players. The six women bear-
ers, distinguished by white sashes, walk-
ed just in the rear of the hearse. They
were Major Stewart, and members of
the League of Morey, of which Mrs.
Griffith was a devoted member.

The floral offerings and other expres-
sions of sympathy were profuse. The
Field Commissioner's message, by wire,
was touching in its tender promise to
guide and comfort those left behind.

When we reached the quiet Army
burying ground at Mount Pleasant the
evening was approaching, but as we low-
ered all that was mortal of our soldier-
sister into its last resting-place, the rays
of the setting sun burst in brilliance upon
the large crowd, fit emblem of the life
which though lost to sight, had risen to
everlasting radiance in the skies.

To write a character-sketch of dear Mrs.

Griffith we must read the patience in
pain which she constantly manifested,
and the letters of loving service which
she has inscribed upon hundreds of
hearts. Here was a life which, though
necessarily shut by sickness from front
rank fight, went about doing good—here
was a spirit upon whose deeds could be
declared, "perfect through suffering."

She leaves her best memorial in her
children, everyone of whom are given to
God and the Flag. Two are Staff Offi-
cers of the Territorial Headquarters, one
a Captain in the States, and the young-
est daughter a Candidate for the Field.
Her one ambition for them was the
humble, and for this she trained
them. Speaking one day to
the writer, some months before
her death, her words, white
faced and with a heavenly joy, as she
said, "Oh, God has been more than good
to me. All my children are His, and
now, bless His Name, they are all under
the same flag."

In the lesson of what a mother's in-
fluence may do, our comrade, though
dead, is yet speaking, and many
who learn it will rise up to join
those who call her blessed.



UNITED STATES.

Commander Booth-Tucker has just
concluded an extensive trip through
the Territory, which has resulted in
all-round triumph.

During the absence of the Commam-
der and Chief Secretary, the Consul has
put in an exceptionally busy time at
National Headquarters.

Staff-Capt. Lamb has been appointed
to secretarily assist Brigadier Chander-
ler in his Training Superintendence.

The following are some of the Cen-
tury Targets of the United States:
100 New Cities to be opened.
200 Corps to be added.
300 Outposts to be added.
30,000 additional Seating Accommo-
dation.

10,000 additional Soldiers and Re-
cruits to be enrolled.

5,000 Field and Local Officers to be
added, including 700 additional Field
Officers and Cadets, 1,000 Corps
Cadets, 500 engineers, 2,000 Local Of-
ficers and Company Guards.

10,000 additional Junior Company at-
tendances.

14,000 additional Weekly Accommo-
dation in Social Institutions.

10,000 additional Circulation of
Weekly Papers.

20 New Citadels, Divisional Head-
quarters and Social Institutions.
\$50,000 Century Fund to be raised—
the same being dedicated to work in
among the heathen and special branches
of work in the U. S. A.

The opening of the establishment of
the South, and the establishment of
our work in Cuba and the Philippines
will probably also commemorate the
Century Advance.

A Sale of Work for the benefit of the
San Francisco Children's Home noted
about \$250.

Mrs. Colonel Higgins has had a most
successful Sale of Work in Cleveland, O.,
U. S. A., for the Rescue Home. A lady
gave \$100 to start the proceedings.

Commander Booth-Tucker had a nar-
row escape during a recent railway ac-
cident. The train in which he was
speeding towards Silver Lake Camp col-
lided with a freight train. The flames
which broke out spread and only with
difficulty three of the untouched cars
were detached and saved. The Com-
mander escaped unhurt and aided materi-
ally in the work of rescuing the wound-
ed and dying, refusing to leave with the
relief train, in order to be of service
while service was required. The fati-
gued were two persons killed and thirty
injured.

be heard five different nationalities
each singing in their own language in
perfect harmony.

Hotel-keepers proved to be very kind
to the Staff-Captain on his tour west,
leaving their rooms for meetings, etc.,
something that has never been done
before.

SWEDEN.

Great and far-reaching preparations
are being made to bring the public to-
gether under the blessed influence of
the General's preaching during his
stay here. Besides the influence for
good these hundreds of officers and
soldiers that travel to hear the Gen-
eral, will accomplish by dealing with
souls on their journey in cars and on
boats.

This the Commissioner has specially
requested should be done.

Major Sundin has lately inspected
our social institutions in Norrkoping.
Business there is lively. Between 500
and 600 meals served daily. The yard
adjoining the steam kitchen is being
prepared to accommodate guests who
wish to take their meals in the open
air, which will be agreeable to those
working in close shops all day.

About 250 officers will change homes
at the Congress.

At last report all but 2,000 Kr. has
been collected for the new Rescue
Home in Stockholm.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Brigadier Maidment has been very un-
well.

Brigadier and Mrs. Barritt have fore-
welled and sailed for England recently.

It reads rather refreshing when we are
seeing a cool retreat from the heat,
that South Africa is indulging in a spe-
cial Winter War Cry in July.

The African party for the S. A. Ex-
hibition left on the "Garth Castle".
Ensign Bradley is in charge, and has a
native contingent of four men and one
woman.

Harvest Festival.

SPECIAL MEETINGS

Will be Conducted on
Sunday, August 27th,
as follows:

Lippincott—Lt. Col. Margetts,
St. Catharines—Brig. Gaskin,
Temple—Brigadier Pugmire,
Newmarket—Mrs. Read,
Barrie—Major Collier,
Richmond St.—Staff-Captain
Creighton,
Cobourg—Staff-Capt. Mantion,
Yorkville—Adjutant Wiseman,
Oshawa—Adjutant Adams,

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

Will Visit
LINGAR ST., on Sunday, Aug. 20th.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

The Special
HARVEST
FESTIVAL
WAR CRY!
A Special Number at the Ordinary
Price.
DON'T MISS IT!

ICELAND.

The "Travellers' Home in Raikayik
has proved a great blessing and a
help to the poor and needy. From the
1st of May, 1889, to the 1st of May,
1890, 3,500 beds have been supplied
and 2,810 meals served.

The officers teach school, besides
their other duties, and in that way
get hold of the children, also the help
and sympathy of the parents.

Staff-Capt. Bryson, who is in charge
of the work, has just been on a tour
to Isafford, a little town on the west
coast of the island. He held several
successful meetings, the local ship,
and reports wonderful times.

The Staff-Captain, on his tour, held
over 15 meetings, got over 70 new sub-
scribers for the War Cry and sold 550
copies, and had a wonderful time
spiritually.

Open-air meetings are well attended,
some hundreds of people listening to
the Gospel, the Army being the first
to preach in the open air in that coun-
try.

On a Sunday night recently might

Pillars of Salt.

It stood about a stone's throw from the main road, down a little side street, like a deserted fort—the Army Barracks. A comrade officer and I were passing through the village, and we went down the side street to see the barracks. As the doors were locked, we picked up a piece of board and put it up against the building, and climbed up to look through the window. The glass had long since disappeared; the interior looked very familiar, like the interior of an Army barracks. Facing us was the platform, the benches in their place and the hand-rail where the Captain had stood. The colors were resting in one corner and the drum all ready to be beaten. It would seem as though but last night the crowd had been there, and the Captain had pleaded with sinners, and the drummer beat his drum, and prayer and singing had risen alternately, but it was several years since this had been the case. The town had gone back from a commercial standpoint. The railway did not pass through, as had been expected, and the houses were many of them vacant. And, because of those things, the Army had been compelled to withdraw. There were several denominations there before them, and to build on another man's foundation was not our policy.

But to me that old deserted Army barracks has again and again come to my thoughts like one of the sad sights of my life. It reminds me like a wife, a cold, dead pillar of salt that had once been full of life and life, like a lighthouse deserted, with no living soul to light its lamps; like the backslider, with only the memory of what he used to be, and the stinging thought, "What I might have been."

I meet them in their home, and the greeting is unintentionally constrained, lacking the old-time frankness and freedom, and we gradually our hearts warm toward the other as we pray and talk of God's dealings with us, comes the story—

"I used to be a Captain in the Army, but— Oh, well, with the flight of years, come changes; but those were good old days. Such good times as we did have. I remember the night I helped poor old Bill, drunk as usual, to the penitential form. He is one of your soldiers to-day. And Harriet Jane, to the surprise of the town, got saved. Yes, this is me as we looked over the photos, and come to me in full Salvation Army uniform when I was stationed at S—"

"And how are you in your soul to-day, comrade?" we ask, our hearts getting heavier every moment, as we gaze upon this pillar of salt and realize what a power for good and the Army he had once been.

"Oh, well; you know I met with my husband (or wife) No, he is not saved; but I meant to win him for God and the Army. He—don't quite approve of the Army, or, you know, some of the people who are in the Army. I'm not as good as I used to be. I try, but it is not the same," etc., etc.

We urge that Jesus is the same, and the Army the same, if only our own spirit is the same. But life and hope seem to be dead, and a weary shadow of the head and a sigh is the only response.

Of course, it is not always the same case that brought about the backslider experience; perhaps it was



Sister Mrs. Watson (ex-Capt. Nichole), Calgary.



Mother.—"Now Johnny, you go on and feed them these chickens at once, and feed them well. I don't want to give none of your skin and feather

some difference or dispute with a comrade, or the strain of long-continued temptation, or a fierce fire of opposition, or a long, hard fight where patience, where heroic endurance, should have stood the strain. Any way, the backsliders turned and looked back, and the light that was in them became darkness, and how great was that darkness.

"Who is the sweet-faced girl in the Army dress, with the tambourine, as we turn over the leaves of the album? Her face is pure and true and her hair smoothly brushed back off her forehead. The whole effect is that of earnestness and holy ambition. "This was Sister C—, now Miss C—"

She used to be one of our best soldiers. She had a wonderful influence in the town. Everyone expected she would be an officer. But a friend (?) persuaded her one day that the Army was not the place for her. It was all right and good for the lower classes, but she could do a good work in one of the churches in town, and not wear and fear herself to death in the poor Salvation Army. So she thought it was reasonable, and did not stay long to pray about it. She is very stylish now, but the last time I was talking to her, she confessed her cold experience. She has lost her love for the fight and for the poor sinner. Just one more cold pillar, memory of what she used to be. Oh, my poor, backslider! sister or brother, there is nothing left for you to do but take up the Cross where you laid it down. Unless you do your first works over again and repent, you shall likewise perish. May the pitying Saviour breathe upon you and mine. His life be brought again into your soul. Oh, obey God; take heart again, have faith in God, and the old days will come back again. God bless you.—From one who loves you, J. E. Otaway, Ensign.

LIVING DOWN CONSEQUENCES.

The natural consequences of sin, or the consequences of an unnatural life, are not obliterated by God's forgiveness. The world in which we live is planned on an immense demonstration of the value of virtue and the folly and danger of vice. The results of sin; the scars of fire, the consequences of dishonesty, impurity, intemperance, unkindness, surprise the moment of forgiveness, and breed their brood—how long, who shall say? But forgiveness, which is a chance relation to God, begins a changed relation to His law. We start afresh with Him, loved, regarded as though nothing had happened, and a new set of consequences begins. The new life which God gives fights the consequences of the old. Weeds are pulled up and stop seed. The thorns, broken relations are repaired, old debts paid, and wrongs righted. Moral degeneration is arrested. The demonstration of God's law is made on the side of obedience through good, instead of bad, consequences. The life with God which forgiveness brings tends to abolish the results of sin. Christ came to destroy the works, the consequences, of the devil. Every scar from past days, every survival of the old, will feed humility; but we belong to the God of hope, and fight for Him for the triumph of the new and true, waiting for the promise, "I will restore to you the years which the locust hath eaten."

things to the Lord. No, indeed, none but the best will do for the Harvest Thanksgiving Offering."

Notes by the N.-W. T. F. S.

L. B. AGENTS, EYES THIS WAY!

Bro. Robt. Dunlop, of Lethbridge, comes in this first quarter, even taking the laurels from Winnipeg, by getting \$1.94 in advance. Lethbridge did \$30 and Winnipeg \$28.51.

Now, the question is, Will Lethbridge keep ahead? They did immense this quarter, and have the sincere congratulations of the T. F. S. God bless our kind comrades who helped us out.

God bless both my agents at Lethbridge. Moose Jaw's return came in too late for this quarter. They will be reported next, though I must say that Lethbridge gained the victory over them, though Bro. Middaugh, of Moose Jaw, has the work at heart his friends failed him. God bless both my agents at Lethbridge and Moose Jaw; I wish I had a hundred more like them.

Bro. Gill, of Winnipeg, who has done so nobly, we are sorry to lose, but we will watch how he gets on through the Cry.

Jamestown (two collections), Midway, Edmonton, Brandon, Calgary, Morden and Valley City did this time respectively \$2.36, \$7. \$9, \$3.53, \$5.36, \$4.81 and \$4.62.

God bless the agents for these places. They helped all the Province, and we trust will advance nicely next time.

Midway, under Mrs. Swain, deserves special mention, as it is a very small place and she did so nicely. One secret is, she collected on the train. Edmonton, Brandon, Morden and Calgary's boxes have been out two quarters. Morden is without an agent, which is too bad. Capt. Brander came to my help, however, very kindly.

Neepawa, Emerson, Selkirk, and Prince Albert did \$3.63, \$5.55, \$3.25 and \$3.01, respectively. Neepawa, Emerson and Selkirk had boxes out two quarters.

Moosomin (two collections), Minnedosa and Virden did \$2.82, \$2.22, and \$2.06, respectively.

Onkes, Lisbon and Minot did over \$1 each, while other corps did lesser amounts.

To each and all L. A.'s the T. F. S. says, "God bless you!" I have learned to love the locals and am trusting for a nice advance next quarter. Wait and see what the Western friends are able to do.

The total this quarter was \$127.88. Some corps came in too late, consequently did not help to swell our total higher. Take warning for next time.—C. A. Perry, T. F. S.

Misfortune.

Socrates was of opinion, that if we laid all our adversities and misfortunes in one common heap, with this condition, that each one should carry out an equal portion, most men would be glad to take up their own again.—Plutarch.

THE DATES FOR THE

Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY ARE FROM

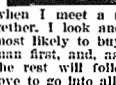
August 26th to 29th, (INCLUSIVE).

HUSTLERS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

A Weekly Peep at our Devoted "War Cry" Boomers and What They Have to Say.

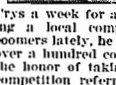
IV.—Sister White, Houston, Maine.

In selling War Crys I find it the most profitable way to start praying God will make me a blessing, and I am as such as my main object in view. When I go in this way He helps me to sell my papers. In meeting many different kinds of people, I make it a rule to be kind and interested in them all. Often, when I meet a number of men together, I look and judge who is the most likely to buy, then I go to that man first, and, as a general rule, all the rest will follow his example. I love to go into all places and do all I can in any way for my dear Saviour, Who has done so much for me.—Emily White.



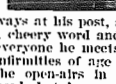
V.—Sergt. Case, Hamilton I.

Bro. Case is a typical Englishman, a thorough Salvationist, and a successful War Cry boomer. He has been in helping out and-out for God and is well known and respected on account by his workmates at the smelting works, where he is employed. He has sold fifty War Crys a week for a long time, and during a local competition among the boomers lately, he has sold some weeks over a hundred copies. Bro. Case has the honor of taking first prize in the competition referred to. These sales represent much toil and effort on his part in addition to his regular daily work, but the blessing God gives him more than compensates for all the sacrifice.



VI.—Sergt. Geo. Stanton, Hamilton I.

Sergt. Geo. Stanton, better known as "Uncle George," is an old warrior of the Cross, and has been fighting it for nearly 15 years. Of the over a hundred soldiers of Hamilton corps, no one is better known or better loved than "Uncle George." At



ways at his post, and ever ready with a cheery word and smile to encourage everyone he meets. He is feeling the infirmities of age and is unable to do the outdoor work as he used to be used, but he never misses knee-and is seldom absent from an indoor meeting. He is a great lover of the War Cry and disposes of about 25 every week to regular customers, who are always glad to see him make his weekly call. Uncle George snags occasionally; his favorite solo is, "There's power in Jesus' Blood."

Lo: strength is of the plain root-virtues born: It is the offspring of the modest years. The gift of sire to son through those firm laws Which we none God's.

—George Meredith.



Ensign Habkirk, Port Arthur.

Nelson inspired by the Chief Secretary's Visit.

NELSON, B.C.—On the 15th and 16th, we had with us Col. Jacobs, Brig. Howell, and Staff-Captain Golt. Good meetings. On Saturday night there was a welcome extended to them by Band-master Frost, on behalf of the band and corps, which, in my opinion, was done in good style. The Baptist minister welcomed them on behalf of the friends. The Baptist minister is a true friend of the Army. Your humble servant not being at knee-drill or holiness meeting, have to thank them by Sunday afternoon good meeting. Nearly a full house. In the evening it was grand. I never heard his equal, which is saying a good deal. The Colonel read seven verses from the first chapter of Isaiah, beginning at the first verse. I think he passed over the seventh. He dealt it out to the people grand, and at the close two fell into the fountain. Praise the Lord. One was a household. Staff-Captain Golt is a nice singer and gave us two or three nice little talks. I would say to the Colonel and Staff-Captain we extend to you a right royal welcome and will be much pleased to have you with us again. We are preparing to build a new barracks, and when we get it erected we'll have the Salvation Army of Nelson will have as nice a church as any of them. —M. S.

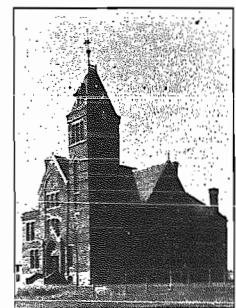
WINDSOR.—We have been having big times in this part of the world since you last heard from us. Staff-Capt. Phillips has been back to Windsor, this time to unite in the bonds of holy matrimony. Bro. D. Billington and Sis. C. Koeber. We had a full house, and everything went off O.K. Among the speakers was Capt. McCutcheon, who was watching things very closely. Ensign and Mrs. McKenzie testified of being satisfied to live and work together, also the right-hand supporters of the bride and groom, Capt. and Mrs. Koeber, who have had just two weeks' experience of married life. Adjt. and Mrs. Blackburn was all there with their testimony, and the bride and groom's speeches were short, but we shall hear more later. The Staff-Captain did his part well, and gave a very touching appeal to the sinners. After meeting the invited guests went to supper at the home of the bride. May God bless the united ones, and make them a blessing. —S. R.



Bandsman Watson, Calgary, N.W.T.



BUTTE.—On Sunday, July 16th, occurred the farewell services of Adjt. and Mrs. Hay, who came to our city nine months ago. The Hays are tireless workers, and have the respect and good-will not only of those who know them, but of all those who have heard of their diligent efforts. Under them each branch of the Army work now in operation in Butte has been reorganized on a strict Salvation Army basis. The local officers are commendably proud of their work under the retiring leadership. On Sunday at 7.30 p.m., when the soldiers gathered at the new barracks at 263 South Main St., and, after a short prayer service, marched to Park Street, where a good open-air was held. The band does itself and the corps much credit. At the barracks, where the meeting was continued, an interesting testimony meeting was conducted by Mrs. Hay. In behalf of the corps, the local secretary and treasurer each in earnest



Court House, Jamestown, N.D.

words, expressed appreciation of the work accomplished through Adjt. Hay and his wife, adding kindly expressions of their gratitude for their spiritual helpfulness. Rev. Mr. Tonge, of the South Butte Presbyterian Church, spoke at the close of his own service. Mr. Tonge is a resourceful worker himself, and a warm friend of the Army. Both the Adjutant and Mrs. Hay spoke some earnest farewell words. On leaving Butte, the officers will take a short furlough. The blessings of many battle friends follow them.—By an Outsider.

A Splendid Troupe.

TIEDWOLD.—Big time last Wednesday night. We were favored with a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield and troupe of Band of Love children from Peoria. They gave us an entertainment which was superb and was much appreciated by everybody. To say they are a lovely troupe is only putting it mild. Capt. Jarvis is hard at work putting up new quarters. —THOS. H.C.

Back to the Fold Again.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B.—Our worthy financial special, Ensign Andrews, has spent a week-end with us. Saturday night's lantern service, "Life of Mrs. Booth," was excellent and well patronized. Proceeds for week-end, \$15.75. The people of this town are very generous in their subscriptions towards the work of God. God bless them. One dear nun who had been a soldier years ago came back to the fold and got properly saved.—G. P. T.

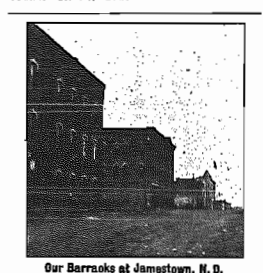
A Change of Leaders.

HALIFAX I.—Some wanderers are returning to the fold of God. On Sunday night Adjt. McGillivray and wife and Capt. Jackson, farewelled from this corps and district, after 12 months' of faithful work for the Mas-

ter. We have learned to love them for their humble and simple trust and obedience to the Divine will. Quite a number of souls have sought the Lord since they have been here. On Tuesday all the city corps united for the final farewell of the officers of this corps. Quite a big crowd in attendance. Ice cream served at close of the meeting, and the soldiers' meeting was a time of blessing and refreshing from the Lord. They go to Fredericton from here. Friday night was a united meeting to welcome our future leaders in the war in this corps, Adjt. John McLean and wife and Capt. Lamont, a very good meeting. I believe God is going to bless, and make them a great blessing to this corps. On Sunday, grand meetings all day, commencing with a good knee-drill, and one soul in the fountain at night. Halleujah!—Treas. Cashin.

TILT COVE.—Everything looks bright and beautiful. On Saturday night we had a "sing-song." At the close we had the joy of seeing one soul in the fountain. Sunday was a day that was enjoyed by us all. Good crowds. People are interested in our meetings.—Leader Smart, for Ensign Gooding.

ST. GEORGE'S, B.C.—Capt. Bell, of the Hamilton Corps, was with us on Thursday night. Our string band gave us a selection. Everybody was pleased. Bro. Howe assisted Capt. Brehaut on Sunday night, Lieut. Young having gone to the Somerset Corps. The week ended with four souls at the Cross.—R. S. C.C.

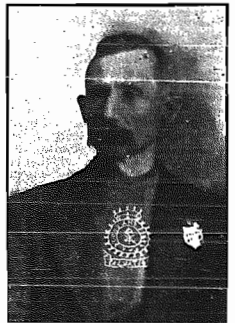


Our Barracks at Jamestown, N.D.

ANNAPOLIS, N.S.—On Friday night grand open-air meeting. One soul out at the drum for salvation. On Sunday Capt. Roach and her sister Maggie were with us. Meetings good. Three out for salvation. Our new D.O. has paid us a visit, which was much enjoyed by all who met him. Capt. Smith and Lieut. Duncombe in command.—M.R.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—The new officers arrived Thursday, to proceed, with God's help, in the war against sin. The meetings have been very good, with one precious soul in the fountain on Monday night. He is doing nicely. Ensign and Mrs. Cummins, with the magic lantern, spent several days with us, and their visit was appreciated by all. The last night of the Ensign's visit Brother and Sister Innes' little girl, Edith May, was dedicated to God and the Army. The little one was very good during the service, and we pray that she will be a great blessing in the future to the world. Twelfth July had ice cream social with Vancouver, Nanaimo, and Kamloops comrades with us. All seemed to enjoy the ice cream, as it was a very warm day.—M., for Capt. Perronod.

BEAR RIVER.—We are enjoying a visit from our worthy brother, Ensign Happy Jim Allor. He is enjoying a much needed rest. By the way, Bear River is a lovely spot to live in. What with the cherries and other good things God makes to grow, one is ever reminded of His bountiful goodness and mercy.



The Treasurer of Brandon Corps.

Next week we shall have something good to report. In the meantime, everybody pray for the success of our work in this part of the vineyard.—Sec. Morrice, Cor.

CARBERRY, Man.—Capt. LeDrew and Lieut. Woodworth have taken the places of Capt. Stouckes and Lieut. Halstein. We have only a few soldiers, but they know how to fight. Good week-end. In spite of the heat, our crowds were good, and they gave quite liberally. The War Cry are all sold. Although we closed the day's fighting without any visible results, we feel confident the Spirit was working. The Major's two young boys have come to help us for a time, and we are believing for real good times.—Triforia.

STRATHROY.—Did you hear of our social? Someone from Toronto was present who was Captain Hoidich's first trainer. Capt. Jarvis also reviewed his former battle-ground. A special treat was the singing of a quintette, illustrating certain Bible characters, rocking in the Saviour's arms. May His outstretched arms save many.—M. Haldane, Cor.

HAUNAH, N. D.—11nd Adjt. Cms with us for three days, Saturday evening the Adjutant dedicated J. S. Sergeant Major Mercedes's little girl to the Lord. We had large crowds on Sunday and real good times. We are expecting a blessed season at our Camp Meetings.—Capt. F. H. Brown, C. O.

MISSON, N.D.—The most wonderful event of the season took place in the Salvation Army at Misson, July 3, '01. Our comrade, Lillian Curtis, was united in marriage to Walter J. McElen, of Manitoba. The service was conducted in the Methodist Church by Rev. Mr. Sizor, assisted by Ensign Hayes. The soldiers marched over with the flag and drum, after which Ensign Hayes gave out a good Salvation Army song. Then the wedding march began. It was led by Rev. Mr. Sizor, followed by the bridesmaid, Sister Russell, the bride, the bridegroom and the groomsmen, Capt. Mercer. The vows were taken, and they both testified as to their desire and intention of following their blessed Master. Although we lose one of our soldiers, yet God has given us another. Willie Ensign Perry was here, he enrolled Sis. Frozger as a Blood and Fire soldier.—R. C.



Mr. Reid, Y.M.C.A. Secretary, Skaguay.

A Visit from the Bishop.

ROSSLAND, B.C.—Here we are again, right side up, and blessing us in a special manner, especially with specials. "Hallelujah!" Our new Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Gage, with us on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, accompanied by "Sister" Howell, of Spokane, our P.O. God bless them both. Tuesday's meeting, led by Staff-Capt., who is still as full of fire as ever. On Thursday Brigadier officiated, and led a most interesting service, on account of circumstances, will report later. Keep your eyes open for something good in the future. Capt. Quant came to assist Capt. Haas. We are all looking forward with joy to the visit of Col. Jacobs (on the 17th), and our spirits run high for a good old time. Thank God for the dear old Army.—D. McDougall.

Original.

INGERSOLL.—Talk about originality—this is the town it thrives in! Listen to some of the free-and-easy speeches of last Sunday. The people who are so fond of saying "Today are those who hold a profession, yet don't know when they were saved. God help them!" You can't get up a fire of sea-soaked wood. Neither can you make a fire of these. They are not good for anything. They need to be kiln-dried before they catch fire for God.—Friend, "I want to jump on sin and the devil with both feet!" "I'll do it, too!"—Sister Mrs. Moyer. The people who are so fond of saying "I used to kick the dog and cuff the cat, then bang the door and go off cussing. Now I never goes out without giving my old pet a sweet kiss!"—Happy Jim Gage. "Why I go to the Great Physician He didn't say like some other physicians do: 'Hold on a minute till I tend to someone else.' He looked after my case at once and healed me of all my sin sickness."—Bro. Jim Hill, M. K. C.C.

OMEENE.—Capt. Lisle is rejoicing over the arrival of his new place. I am sure we are all glad to meet her. We had with us Saturday and Sunday Capt. O'Neill. Monday was a day of big times. We had Major and Mrs. Turner with us. We were pleased to meet our old friend, Mrs. Turner. She was our captain some seven or eight years ago. There were also present Bro. and Sis. Mosley and last, but not least, Auld, Wiggins, from Lindsay. Altogether we had a good time and a nice crowd.—R.C.

PETERBORO.—Although you have not heard from us for some time, we are glad to be able to report victory. Adj. Aikenhead and Capt. French have sailed for England. God bless them! They have just returned from a most successful coming here. We have welcomed to our midst Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Burditt, who are going to lead the Peterboro braves on to victory in the future. Already they have reached the point where they find them to be a real old-time, blood-and-fire, never-give-in warriors. The holiness meeting on Sunday morning was a time of glory. God did draw near and the Staff-Captain poured forth the holiness truths, were comforted to look at our own hearts, and to pull ourselves up to the standard of a wholehearted service. Sunday night also was a time of God's passing by. Many were deeply convicted of sin, but had no close without visible results, but feeling sure it was not in vain.—Cadet May Lang.

WINDSOR, N. S.—The new Provincial Officer, Major Pickering, and Staff-Capt. Taylor paid us a visit on Wednesday, 15th, and were most helpful and helpful to us. The officers from the District were in for the occasion, so helped to make things lively. S.M. Howells, of Dieby, was also with us. His blessed "sinners" have returned, sinners have been saved, back-sliders are coming home, and interest is being revived.—Trans. McPhoe.

TRURO, N. S.—Only one week in Truro, but we are having an interesting time. Large crowds in the open-air and collections good. On Thursday night the Captain was speaking, an outside gentleman passed in 81, and on Saturday night while he was singing "From the General down to me," a young man made a target of himself and did not cease the bonanza till his coin was expended, amounting to upwards of 50c. Miss McCulley, Superintendent Berachela Mission in this town, and who goes to attend an anniversary on Wednesday, is invited for the next week, which we will occupy till her return, about the first part of September. We are hoping to have a good time and pray

that there will be a shaking and a coming together of the bones. Amen!—A.H. and N. S.

MIDLAND.—We have the devil mad again. Thursday night a young man led the meeting unsaved, but was glad to return and give his heart to God. Friday morning, good meeting, and a backslider, the ex-secretary, returned to his Father's fold. In God we trust, for souls we fight.—J. M. McNann.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—Easien and Mrs. Young, from Cleveland, Ohio, with us for week-end, also Bro. and Sister Young, from "Oak Bay." P. Q. Great crowds at open-air, and big crowds in inside. Finances good. God bless the Yankees. Come again.—G. P. T.

HUNTSVILLE.—Sunday saw a poor backslider in the Fountain. The League of Mercy work here among the hospitals and sick is a source of great blessing. The Sergeants in camp are looking for eagerly of God's work among the sick and wounded. The Christian friends are getting warmed up, and to see the way they enjoy themselves at the "after the prayer meeting passing time" has been hearts praise Him.—J. C. Serat-Major.

BARRIE.—Ere this is in print, we shall have had our honored Commissioner to pay us a visit. We are doing our utmost to make the meetings a success, which we have no reason to doubt, will be a genuine affair. We all say God bless the noble and noble and the boys on the India rubber horses. Sunday all day we had a special time. The evening's meeting was a solemn time, it being the farewell of two comrades for the training of Home Sis. Reynolds and Sis. Peacock. The former has been a Salvationist from a child. The family are were touching as she expressed her obedience to God, her daughter for the Lord's work. I might say, passing along, Barrie has sent out some 60 cadets. Monday evening was to be the final farewell. The Secretariat had a very beautiful and interesting and a very beautiful and interesting and a very beautiful and interesting. Our secretary stands second to none on such occasions. God bless you! Jesus will say some day. She hath done what she could. It was one of the best farewells we have had the privilege to attend for the past nine years.—Capt. W. Lewis.

A Clean Heart for the Barracks.

INGERSOLL.—What a busy scene. The barracks is going to have a "clean heart!" triumphantly announces the Captain, as he flourishes in true workman style a huge paint brush. "How do you like the paper? Won't things be fine?" Ah! the paper is "clean heart?" in quick succession. We think it's going to be very nice—so neat and pretty when completed. Now, it's my turn to ask a question: "Anything for the Cry this week, Capt.?" Oh, say, tell me about the four souls on Sunday night, and the poor wanderer who came out in the afternoon (Captain's eyes fairly glisten at this point) and the Sunday night open-air! And the crowd that we have had on our best day in Ingersoll. We see the quantity of work on every hand, so, having the material for a report, hustle off, rejoicing that things are steadily improving. Thank you, and to Salvation Army circles.—Corps C. M. K.

St. John III. on Fire.

ST. JOHN III. is on fire, and although we have not heard from him with the evil spirit, we did not shirk from our post of duty, but rather went up the hill of Calvary a mile-stone further, and by the fire of the Holy Ghost, we forced back the darkness of the night, and the souls were set free from their sins. Our meetings are being felt all over the town, for everywhere we line up in the open air, great crowds were drawn to hear what the Lord has been doing for us, and by the testimonies and the power of God backing them up, many precious seeds are being sown. We had the pleasure of having our new commanding officer, Major Pickering, with us on Sunday morning, and we all got a big blessing, as he is well supplied with the power of God. The lessons he taught us will stand by us in this great war of soul-saving.—Cor. C. Marshall.

NANAIMO, B.C.—Sunday, July 5th. Capt. Pennohn and Capt. Belle gave us a most interesting service. Capt. Pennohn has spent seven months in charge of the work in Nanaimo, and it was a time of great blessing to her. The

Lieutenant was in Nanaimo for two weeks only, and with the Captain, regretted leaving the comrades, who have been exceedingly kind to them; also the many friends who in different ways helped to brighten and cheer them on the way. The fall meetings were very good, and we had the privilege of receiving a letter from one of the men, saying that he gave God his heart while in the jail, and was still pressing upward and getting along nicely since he left. The farewell meeting was good, and the officers left encouraged to fight on other fields.—M. for Capt. Pennohn.

Many Happy Returns.

LETHBRIDGE.—Praise the Lord for our second birthday, and, although but a young corps, we have met with glorious success, and, by God's grace, we earnestly hope to continue. Right from the opening of this corps we have been connected with the ranks of our Eastern leaders, and, really, I must think we are the people, for even the railroad company here are favoring this town by a shorter route to the West, with a day's train, and a most comfortable time. It is not far distant when we shall have the pleasure of a visit from our beloved Commissioner. We shall all be pleased to spare no expense in giving him one of the grandest receptions ever given, and, at the same time, would result in a great harvest of souls. Ere this appears we shall have celebrated a three-days' special anniversary meetings, at which time an old Corps of soldiers will take place, also other items of interest.—Wm. Farrow, R.C.

Perth's Sympathy all Right

PERTH.—The population of this place is, roughly, about 4,000. It has seven saloons and as many churches, not counting the Salvation Army, which gives the "influence for good" a little more weight. It is interesting about the people of Perth liking the Army. They show this by the way they buy the War Cry and give to the collections, especially in the open-air. Let me instance of this, and that during the week, and our average collection is 95c, and from an ordinary week-night attendance of 36 people we get \$1. Cartridge money from soldiers' meetings, composed of two, \$1.65. Again, I am wondering if there are many places that can beat this. The chief of police is our staunch friend, and he is now rejoicing that his labors are much lightened, owing to the fact that his province is now clean. The barracks is not required. (N.B.—We should be pleased to see him as an auditor.) Have been here two weeks. Have not seen any souls at the mercy seat, but am doing some mighty believing for a real definite work being done for God.—Richard Pugh, D. O.

Six Souls Saved.

RAT PORTAGE.—Saturday night one soul in the Fountain. Sunday, good meetings all day, ending with five souls being saved. Easien and Mrs. Habbick have now taken hold and are leading their soldiers to victory.—M. E. H. Rez, Cor.

Bandman Smith's Baby Goes on Before.

It is my sad duty to report to the War Cry the rather sudden death of the only child of Bandman and Mrs. Smith, of Montreal. Little Worley was not spared to our comrades—about five short months, and they are left without him. His short life was one of suffering. Jesus would not let the child endure any more pain, so He took him to Heaven. On Sunday, July 17th, the spirit returned to God. He gave it. Major Hargrave conducted the funeral service at the home of our comrades. Everyone present must have desired to have a spot in a record in heaven as a little soldier—little Worley had not met for not to forget to say that he had been dedicated to God and the Army. God has wonderfully upheld the parents, and their resignation to the will of God has proved that they were in true faith in the words that "He doeth all things well."—Adj. Goodwin.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

The Special HARVEST FESTIVAL WAR CRY! A Special Number at the Ordinary Price.

DON'T MISS IT!

Warriors' Weekly Witness-Box.

My Experience of Sinful Thoughts.

Once I was a slave to sinful thoughts. How I used to delight in indulging and harboring evil imaginations in my heart, and having bitter feelings towards my fellowbeings, especially if they had done me an injury, real or imaginary. My thoughts would lead me to build castles in the air of the most vile things imaginable. I really enjoyed myself in giving free course to my evil thinking, and many times putting my evil thoughts into practice. But evil thoughts are the outcome of a sinful and corrupt heart. If the tree is good, the fruit will also be good; if corrupt, the fruit will also be corrupt. I praise God that, through His convincing Spirit, I was led to feel myself a lost, guilty and undone sinner in His sight, and needed a Saviour, and was enabled by His help to confess and forsake all my sins, and by faith accept Him as my Saviour and Deliverer. I praise God for such a pure heart, pure thoughts, pure feelings, and pure brought God for such a wonderful salvation for whosoever will.—Trans. Cashin, Halifax I.

Billy Williams, of Jamestown.

How did I get saved? Well, that is a mystery to me, and something I have never explain, even to myself. I have tried several times to get at a lucid explanation of the matter, but always with the result that there were so many seemingly disconnected incidents leading up to the time and snipping the events of my miserable life that I can only attribute it to the hand of God.

I had been on a spree lasting over four months when I met the Salvation Army; the Hallelujah bonnet being the first thing that I remember attracting my attention. I met a Hindu man and a woman soldier, of my acquaintance were selling War Crs in the saloons in E. G. Forks. I bought a Cry. In a few days I met them again on the street, and went to attend the meetings in Grand Forks, and in the ranks, I was with whom I was well acquainted. I saw this manly stand they made, and as they gave their testimonies I believed them and took hope in my heart that they might be saved. I felt that if I could only do something to deserve it. So I began to make resolutions and break them, and got more and more miserable until I was just on the verge of giving up. I believed I had managed to attend the meetings, and in order to be sure to get into the hall I filed in with the march, and after being twice pushed out of the line I managed to get into the hall. Though the hall was packed, I could see no one but those on the platform, could hear nothing but the songs and testimonies of my old associates in sin, and although I did not go to the penitent form that night, I felt that I had done my best. I said, "O Lord, have mercy on me and save me from myself and the devil that is leading me; but whether You save my soul or not, if You will help me I will quit my miserable life right now." I felt that I had heard my prayer, for though I was drunk at the time I have never touched one drop of drink since.

The next meeting found me early in line, and I felt that I had done my best. I might find for the invitation to come to the penitent form. I went there and the work was done.—Bro. Williams, better known as "Billy" Williams.

When a man hath come to this, that he seeketh comfort from no creature but from God alone, then doth God hear him, then also will he be contented with whatsoever shall happen unto him. Then will he neither rejoice for much nor be sorrowful for little, but he committeth himself altogether unto the Lord, and trusteth in God, Who is all in all to him, to whom nothing perisheth nor dieth, but all things live to him and obey his every word without delay.

MAJOR TURNER'S PROGNOSTICATIONS,

—BRIEF—

C. O. P. Notes on Harvest Festival.

WE have read the Editorial commenting on the West Ontario Province and their efforts in connection with the coming H. P. battle, and would like to inform you, Mr. Editor, that the C. O. P. does not intend to take a back seat in the effort which is upon us. There are many things in the Central which are against us in efforts of this kind which perhaps others have the advantage of. At the same time past efforts have proved that we are not the weaklings which you might think, but shall, by the strength of God, Who has helped us in times past, become masters of the situation, and by His blessing we shall come out distinctly on top at this Harvest Festival effort.

District Targets.

The targets for the respective Districts are as follows:

Toronto District\$567.00
Hamilton District237.00
Barrie District175.00
Lindsay District172.00
Bracebridge District165.00
Sudbury District120.00
Owen Sound District115.00
Bowmanville District85.00

The targets for the Barrie, Lindsay and Bracebridge Districts are almost equal. It remains to be seen, however, who will take the first place in the race. Adjs. Cameron, Higgins and Searr are three old warriors at efforts of this kind, and it will be interesting to know who will come out on top.

Adj. Moore's District target equals that of Owen Sound and Sudbury District combined. It remains to be seen whether the latter Districts united will leave the Adjutant away in the shade, or whether he will secure another \$100 on top of his District target.

For the benefit of all concerned, we have arranged the corps into five classes, which places we believe they will not only maintain, but will leave the same far behind.

1st Class Targets.

Temple \$110, Lisgar \$100, Hamilton \$85.

Hardly had Staff-Capt. Archibald received word of the effort, and what the target for the Temple would be, than he came in with cheerful assurances that he had already received one-quarter of his target in donations, and has since received other substantial donations, which leads us to believe that he will not only secure his target of \$110, but will go away above the same.

Edwin Fox and Adj. Moore are, however, hard after the Staff-Captain, and it would not surprise us after all if Lisgar Street, with all the worthy followers we have there, did not come out on top. However, time will tell. Ensign Fox and Adj. Moore are made of good material and no doubt will give Staff-Captain Archibald a close run. I would not be surprised if Adj. Moore springs a surprise on us and carries off the laurels for the C. O. P. after all.

2nd Class Targets.

St. Catharines \$75, Parkton \$70, Pippinist St. \$70, Lindsay \$60, River-side \$50, Sudbury \$40.

The largest target in this class is Ensign Williams', of St. Catharines. I have had a personal talk with the Ensign relative to his target, and he assures me that he expects to come out with flying colors. There, however, will be some keen competition in this class, as the notable Adj. Wiggins, Adj. Des-Brisay, and Adj. Myles are all embraced in the same.

Ensign Wynn, unfortunately, has just taken sick, which will cause Riverside to suffer somewhat. In the absence of her husband, however, Mrs. Wynn is taking hold of things in a will and with the united assistance of Riverside braves, who knows but what she will come out at the head of this class?

Sudbury will make itself felt with Capt. Stephens at the helm, although they have not the opportunity of collecting a lot of farm produce, still, the members of that section of the country will

come to the help of our comrades and see that they secure a glorious victory.

3rd Class Targets.

Yorkville \$55, Barrie \$50, Orillia \$45, Bracebridge \$45, Newmarket \$40, Bowmanville \$40, Owen Sound \$40.

We have some worthy fighters in this class, embracing three D. O's. Capt. Rose has assumed command of Yorkville and with the plans that he has already put into effect, will come out with flying colors as far as that corps is concerned.

As to the three D. O's, Adj. Cameron, Adj. Searr and Ensign Smith, it will remain to be seen who will come out on top. There is not very much difference in the targets.

Ensign Smith, however, gave us a pleasant surprise last year and did a magnificent thing at Owen Sound. Who knows but that she will take the head of this class for 1899.

Capt. Crawford has just taken hold of Owen Sound, and we have faith to believe that she will not only secure the \$60, but will accomplish a victory that will surprise us all.



Capt. Rennie and White, at Orillia and Newmarket respectively, will both secure a bull-eye. In fact, if we mistake not, they will both make strong efforts to come out the head of the class. Capt. White has told me of some of his plans for the Harvest Festival effort, which, if put into effect, will bring him out among the champions of 1899.

4th Class Targets.

Huntsville \$35, Parry Sound \$35, Gravenhurst \$35, Midland \$35, Richmond St. \$35, Collingwood \$35, Little Current \$35, Hamilton 11 \$35, Brantford \$30, Orillia \$30, Fenelon Falls \$30, Mens Shelter (Toronto) \$30, Uxbridge \$27, Dundas \$27, Dovercourt \$27, Peversham \$25, Oshawa \$25, North Bay \$25, Hamilton Shelter \$25, Kinmount \$25, Aurora \$20, Meaford \$20.

There is the largest number of corps in this class and also a considerable amount of talent and genius. The \$35 targets embrace such fighters as Capt. Brant, Wilson, Nelson, McCann, Clark, Sherwin, Hanna and Wicks.

There will be keen competition among these corps for first place. Several of these corps have already created for themselves a reputation in the days gone by in connection with the special efforts, and we shall look with a great deal of expectancy for each one to secure a glorious victory.

Capt. Clink, apparently, did not want to commit himself, when talking with her the other day, but with a worthy triumph in her eyes, are could see that she intended to give us a pleasant surprise.

I am not sure in my own mind as to who is likely to take the first place. If I mistake not, however, Capt. — will leave all the rest behind. The \$30 targets include Ensign Fletcher. Captains Mitchell, Capt. Lott, and Capt. Barker. Ensign Fletcher will have his hands full to compete with these three sisters, and will have to use all his energies in order to hold his place with either one of them.

Capt. Lott and Barker have secured many victories in days gone by, while Capt. Mitchell, with her Krampton braves, will not be prepared to take a back seat.

This will be a very keen and also a very interesting race among these four competitors.

Those fighting the \$27 class are Capt. Jones, Capt. Cornish and Lieut. Poole. The first day's fight with Lieut. Poole, of Dovercourt, put in was with the re-

sult that he secured one-quarter of his target, wheeling 66 miles to do so, and returning to the city with his face radiant with joy, as he explained to me the glorious day's success God gave him in not only collecting for the Harvest Festival, but in also doing some visitation among a number of country friends that he met, and talking to them of Jesus and His wonderful love.

I would not be surprised—well, I will not express myself here—Capt. Jones and Cornish will have to use every energy or else Dovercourt may take the lead. Still, Capt. Cornish has a fixed determination that neither one shall get ahead of him. Capt. Jones has done some special collecting for the repairs of his barracks, but still will not allow this in any way to impede the progress of the H. P. scheme. On the other hand, this ought to help him with the Harvest Festival effort.

The \$25 targets take in Capt. Slater, White, Gammage, and Lieut. Young. Capt. Slater has already written us of victory. We have also heard from Oshawa to the effect that we need not be concerned about them getting their tar-

get, however, has been taken up with a will by the officers. The soldiers, in many instances are enthusiastic for the scheme and we predict a glorious Harvest Festival success.

The assurances that have come in from almost every part of the Province have been most cheering indeed, and we have no fear but what each one will be able to report a glorious victory in connection with this effort for 1899. The prayers of the Brimfield and Provincial Staff are ever with you. We remember you at the Throne of Grace and shall follow you in your fight and struggles to come out with flying colors.

OUR N.W. BOOMERS.

(Arrived too late for Huisters' page.)

Cadet E. Custard, Winnipeg110
Capt. Kennir, Minneapolis110
Mrs. Adjt. Barr, Fargo92
Capt. Mitchell, Leithbridge85
Capt. Baeson, Calgary81
Lieut. Russell, Moose Jaw73
Capt. Stokes, Grafton70
Cadet McLeod, Prince Albert65
Cadet D. Custard, Winnipeg65
Capt. Lloyd, Devil's Lake62
Lieut. Scherger, Fort William60
P. S. M. Gillan, Portage la Prairie55
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton53
Lieut. Anderson, Minot53
Sergt. Lang, Fort Arthur45
Mrs. Bessie Hinckley, Rat Portage43
Cand. Nuttal, Portage la Prairie42
Capt. Livingston Port William40
Mrs. Capt. Westcott, Selkirk40
Capt. Clark, Virden40
Capt. McKay, Jamestown40
Lieut. Cook, Brandon40
Mrs. Heath, Selkirk40
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg37
Lieut. Hammond, Larimore35
Lieut. Draper, Larimore35
Capt. Mercer, Lisbon33
Capt. Flaws, Emerson33
Capt. Pearce, Moosomin33
Sister Gamble, Rat Portage27
Ensign Hayes, Brandon26



Two Views of Bismark, N.D., After the Great Fire of Aug. 8th, 1898.

get. While Lieut. Young, of Kimmont, writes to us "If you cannot get me help for H. P. then, please God, I will tackle it alone, and get there." Capt. Gammage, of North Bay, is by no means the largest officer in the Province, but we would not be surprised if she came out the head of the class, leaving all others in the shade.

She has several plans in hand which she has not yet revealed to us, but which we will secure for her a glorious victory if only properly executed.

5th Class Targets.

Onkville \$15, Chesley \$15, Orangeville \$15, Stroud \$10, Ambie Harbor \$10.

This class embraces the balance of the targets for the C. O. P. Capt. Wiseman, Fisher, Welch, Culbert and Sergt. Reynolds, of Stroud, will see to it that their respective corps come out on top.

While these are not the largest targets, still to raise the amount put down for each place represents a great deal of work and toil, but with the hearty cooperation of the few that our comrades have to help them, we are sure that they will come out with flying colors.

This will be a keen race and will need all the sanctified energy, determination, and push of all concerned. The matter,

Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg25
Capt. Askin, Grafton25
Lieut. Haugen, Moosomin23
Capt. Glover, Lisbon23
Lieut. Newman, Peoria22
Cadet Gamble, Rat Portage22
Lieut. Bland, Bismarck21
Capt. Westcott, Selkirk20
Capt. Cronarty, Oakes20
Capt. Hakken, Bismarck20
Lieut. H. Hinckley, Neepawa20
Sister Dearden, Rat Portage20

Donations to the Montreal Industrial Home, for the month of June, 1899, are herewith thankfully acknowledged.

Mr. H. Johnson, \$10; Mr. H. H. Lyman, \$10; Ladies of the Maternity Hospital, St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., and Messrs. Gault Bros., \$5 each; Miss Brown, Roli, K. Lovell, \$2 each; J. W. Strirling, J. N. McKim, James Elliott, John Walker, Mr. Mann, H. J. J. Johnson, Lansing Lewis, A. C. Matthews, G. G. Foster, Colin McQuinn, Dr. Strirling, Mrs. G. F. Cooke, A. Friend, \$1 each; other donations of 50c. and less, also gifts in kind—clothing and food.

HUSTLERS' CORNER

Arab Just One Head's Length Ahead
—Nigger Getting up Speed—A Little
[[More Oats for Mag—No Apparent]]

Danger from the Eastern Star
for Some Time to Come.

Ninety-five hustlers names sent from West Ontario, and ninety-four from the Central! Stop and think what it means. It implies that the tropical heat has not enervated Nigger, but rather agrees with him. This is a very good indication, and will Arab give Nigger a chance to get ahead? This is the vital question, and next week will bring the answer.

Mag, of East Ontario, is a good horse. It trots well, and pulls the chariot of the Province along at an even speed. But why should it not develop into a better speed horse? What is it that is wanted? Is it the whip, the curry-comb, the vet., or some good hustler's annuities? One of these items in harmonious blend. Pardon our suggestions, Major Hargrave.

The Eastern Star is a long time rising. We have looked and strained our eyes to see its brilliant rays above the horizon, but the bills of Ontario have hidden its glory from our long-ear gaze. Still we have hopes. Why should we not, since the East has all the opportunities to make it cock of the Hustler's competition?

As to others—God bless them—they are making a brave fight. The North-West is late-in-fanc has not arrived yet, and unless we receive it very shortly, will have to hold it over for next War Cry. The Pacific is keeping up, and Newfoundland is coming on. If the N-W, or the Pacific would make a radical effort to collect hustlers' annuities, believe they could beat the East easily.—Good-bye.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

95 Hustlers.

Sergt. G. Yeomans, Chatham	225
Sergt. Clarke, London	203
Capt. Carr, Brantford	170
Sergt-Major Mrs. Baeman, Stratford	165
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Galt	154
Lieut. Kitchen, Woodstock	130
Lieut. Horwood, Godrich	110
Lieut. Ringler, Petrolia	108
Cand. Foster, Petrolia	92
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Windsor	80
Capt. Slote, Hespeler	71
Lieut. Smith, Clinton	71
Capt. Hoddinott, Strathroy	70
Lieut. Crawford, Wingham	67
Lieut. Hoekin, Wallaceburg	65
Capt. Hector, Clinton	65
Mrs. Beck, Ridgeway	64
Capt. Coe, Sarnia	61
Ensign Gamble, Woodstock	60
Lieut. Fyfe, Clinton	60
Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway	56
Capt. Sitzer, Dresden	55
Adj. Blackburn, Windsor	51
Adj. McAmmond, London	50
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	50
Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas	50
Sister Gordon, Paris	50
Sister P. Erb, Berlin	50
P. S. M. Smith, Guelph	50
Capt. Haley, Bayfield	45
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg	45
Sergt-Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph	45
Capt. Linton, Forest	44
Sergt. M. Allan, Mitchell	42
Mrs. Adj. McHarg, Brantford	42
Capt. Mathers, Listowel	41
Sergt-Major Denning, Hespeler	40
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg	40
Lieut. Crank, Bothwell	40
Capt. Burrows, Chatham	40
Sister M. Schuster, Berlin	38
Sister D. Bond, Wingham	37
Sergt. Brindley, Godrich	37
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll	37
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg	36
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston	35
Mrs. McGahan, Blenheim	35
Cand. Dennis, Guelph	35
Sergt-Major Graham, Thamesville	35
Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock	33
Sister Pickle, Leamington	32
Lieut. Mumford, Listowel	31
Ensign Orchard, Tainewaton	31
Capt. Rees, Norwich	30
Sister Whales, Leamington	30
Capt. Jarvis, Theford	30

Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	30
Sister H. Erb, Berlin	29
Adj. McHarg, Brantford	28
Mrs. Huntington, Blenheim	27
Lieut. Hodgson, Paris	26
Sergt. P. Palmer, London	26
Capt. McDonald, Drayton	25
Sergt. Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Lieut. Jondison, Leamington	25
Carrie McQueen, St. Thomas	25
Lieut. Pickle, St. Thomas	25
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	25
Capt. Coy, Berlin	25
Capt. Bell, Wallaceburg	24
See Mrs. Harris, London	23
Lieut. Harman, Wyoming	23
Sister Cutting, Essex	23
Capt. Huntington, Blenheim	22
Ensign McKenzie, Essex	22
Mrs. Essien McKenzie, Essex	22
Lieut. Stickells, Mitchell	21
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	21
Capt. Copeman, Watford	21
Capt. Green, Simco	20
Gerrie Cheeseman, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
P. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll	20
Sister Quick, Strathroy	20
Sister Melton, Strathroy	20
Lieut. Winter, Strathroy	20
Mrs. Smith, Tilsonburg	20
Lieut. Hart, Norwich	20
Mrs. Melroy, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hoekin, St. Thomas	20
Sister A. Copins, St. Thomas	20
Sister P. Chatterton, McGregor	20
Corps Cadet Crawford, Paris	20
Bro. Christner, Dresden	20
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Berlin	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

94 Hustlers.

S.-M. Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	110
Lieut. Stickells, Owen Sound	72
Capt. Matthews, Bracebridge	70
Lieut. Poole, Duncourt	63
Capt. Wilson, Collingwood	62
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	62
Capt. Redburn, Riverside	58
Cadet W. Turner, Oshawa	56
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	56
Lieut. Trickey, Richmond St.	54
Sister Pearce, Temple	51
Sergt. Medlock, Temple	50
Capt. Hanna, Parry Sound	50
Sergt. Mrs. Schwarzfager, Lindsay	50
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	50
Lieut. Liddard, Collingwood	50
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	45
Lieut. McLennan, Sudbury	45
Sister Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	45
Capt. Stollker, Riverside	45
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	40
Lieut. Craig, Orillia	40
Adj. Cameron, Barrie	40
Capt. Gamnge, North Bay	40
Lieut. Huskinson, North Bay	40
Capt. McAnn, Midland	38
Capt. Rennie, Orillia	38
Sergt. McQuig, Temple	36
Sergt. Mrs. Killingsbeck, Lindsay	35
Lieut. Edwards, Little Current	35
S.-M. Hinton, Oakville	35
Lieut. Dales, Meaford	34
Bro. Dixon, Temple	34
Capt. P. Welch, Orangeville	32
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	31

BREAKING UP HOME TIES.



Good-bye, Amarantha. I can't stand it any longer. Here our horse is behind in the competition. I am going to hunt up the lost War Cry boomers.

Lieut. Bone, Midland	36
Lieut. Young, Kinnmount	30
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Lieut. Waide, Yorkville	30
Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville	30
Capt. Mainland, Aurora	30
Lieut. Patterson, Huntsville	30
Lieut. M. Howcroft, West Toronto	30
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton II.	30
Sec. Daniels, Hamilton I.	30
Sister Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I.	30
Capt. A. Sherwin, Huntsville	30
Lieut. E. Pattenden, Huntsville	30
Bro. Thomas Boyer, Bracebridge	30
Sec. Woodyard, Collingwood	28
Lieut. Copper, Brampton	27
Capt. Mitchell, Brampton	27
Capt. Barker, Fecelon Falls	26
Capt. Charlton, Lindsay	26
Capt. Bowers, Meaford	26
Sister Cook, Temple	26
Bro. Burrows, Temple	25
Capt. Howe, Richmond St.	25
Bro. Newsom, Richmond St.	25
Sister Mrs. Ferguson, Parry Sound	25
Capt. Kivell, Bowmanville	25
Capt. Lewis, Barre	25
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville	25
Lieut. Titus, St. Catharines	25
Adj. Moore, Hamilton I.	25
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton II.	25
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton II.	25
Capt. J. Howcroft, West Toronto	25
Sister Emily Howell, Riverside	23
Sister Richards, St. Catharines	22
Sergt-Major Courtémarche, Norland	22
Capt. Lett, Ormenie	22
Lieut. Northcott, Ormenie	22
Cadet Stickells, Lippincott	22
Cadet Maisey, Lippincott	21
Bro. Curry, Hamilton II.	21
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott	21
Cadet Carwardine, Lippincott	20
Sister Pearce, Richmond St.	20
Capt. Brant, Little Current	20
Sister Benkes, Richmond St.	20
Sister Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	20
Sergt. Boulton, Temple	20
Sergt. Copeland, Huntsville	20
S.-M. Cockins, Meaford	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

74 Hustlers.

Capt. Williams, St. Albans	290
Sergt. Mrs. Duncly, Ottawa	146
Capt. French, Peterboro	135
Sergt-Major Perkins, Barre	135
Capt. LaLonde, Morrisburg	105
Cadet Buskey, Montreal I.	106
Ensign Hill, Belleville	80
Sergt-Major Simmons, Kingston	80
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Duncy, Montreal I.	75
Lieut. Williams, Kempsville	75
Mrs. Kettell, Ottawa	70
Capt. Beardsell, Tweed	63
Capt. Connors, Belleville	65
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	63
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Perth	63
Capt. Magee, Arnprior	63
Bro. Phillips, Barre	60
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Lieut. Cook, St. Johnsbury	60
Capt. Bloss, Prescott	60
Capt. Owen, Montpelier	60
Capt. Brown, Burlington	60
Lieut. Ludlow, Burlington	60
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke	58
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	58
Capt. Banks, Newport	57
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	57
Capt. Teck, Millbrook	55
Sister Darling, Port Hope	55
Lieut. Hickman, Napawan	51
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	50
Cadet Weir, Ganungage	50
Lieut. Pitcher, Pembroke	48
Sergt-Major Thompson, Colours	48
Ensign Ward, Kingston	46
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	45
Capt. Groce, Trenton	45
Lieut. Woods, Deseronto	43
Cadet Burtel, Deseronto	43
Corps Cadet Walsh, Colours	41
Sister Smardon, Montreal I.	41
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Campbellford	40
Sergt-Major Mattice, Cornwall	40
Sergt. Mrs. Cooke, Ottawa	38
Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke	35
Lieut. Ash, Prescott	35
Bro. Slaver, Montreal I.	35
Sergt. Caldwell, Montreal I.	35
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal I.	33
Ensign Walker, Barre	32
Ensign Stinger, Port Hope	31
Lieut. Carter, Bloomsfield	31
Capt. Patten, Foreston	30
Sister Barber, Kingston	30
Sister Merchant, St. Johnsbury	30
Capt. Yake, Napawan	30
Capt. Symonds, Antiochville	30
Lieut. Carter, Antiochville	30
Adj. Goodwin, Montreal I.	29
Bro. Labram, Perth	27
Sergt. McEwen, Arnprior	27
Capt. Greco, Odessa	25
Mrs. Stephenson, Peterboro	25
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	23
Sister Mrs. Coggin, Kingston	23
Bro. Rutledge, Montreal I.	21
Sister Wentworth, Kingston	20
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	20
Dan Duggitt, Trenton	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Ensign Yerec, Montreal III.	20
Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

55 Hustlers.

S.-M. Smith, Windsor	183
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Moncton	114
Capt. Thompson, Campbellton	110
Sergt. Veno, Halifax II.	110
Mrs. Ensign Parsons, Sydney	110



"I'll cure you of these naughty tricks. Here I have been waiting for that War Cry all day, and you sent the girls away when they called around with it. You'll

not try this again, my boy. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' Solomon says, but I won't spoil you, darling."

Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	103
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax	102
Cadet Wyatt, St. John I.	106
James Kelly, St. George's, Ber.	100
Cand. Dora Long, Summerside	95
Sister Mirey, St. John I.	95
Lieut. Smith, Truro	91
Sergt. White, Houlton	87
Lieut. Lebons, Amherst	75
Lieut. Melkie, Hillsboro	75
Lieut. Richards, St. Stephen	75
Capt. Marlin, Charlottetown	75
Capt. Horwood, Truro	71
Sister Rogers, St. John I.	70
P. S. M. Vaughan, Charlottetown	70
Pathe Armstrong, St. John I.	60
Adjt. Byers, New Glasgow	60
Sister Fisher, Halifax	56
Bessie Rogers, Halifax	56
Mrs. Matthews, New Glasgow	53
Capt. Allen, Kentville	50
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Cadet Murrough, St. John I.	50
Cadet Lamont, Halifax	47
Cadet X. Murrough	45
Lieut. Netting, Canning	41
Susie Holden, Windsor	41
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	40
Sister Jones, St. John I.	40
Lottie Smith, Halifax	40
Mrs. Ensing Larler, Glace Bay	38
Sergt. Wuerren, Houlton	38
Mrs. Pettis, New Glasgow	35
Alma Stratton, Falmouth	35
Eugenie Wright, Chatham	35
Sister Dakin, North Head	30
Maud Wilson, Halifax I.	28
Eliza Kent, Bear River	26
Sister Lyons, Windsor	26
Bro. Clark, Windsor	25
Lieut. Fudge, North Head	25
Mother England, Chatham	25
Eugenie Parsons, Sydney	25
Alma Black, New Glasgow	25
Eugenie Fraser, Moncton	20
Capt. Ritchie, Moncton	20
Chas. McKay, Moncton	20
Lieut. Taylor, Halifax I.	20
Lillie Delong, Houlton (?)	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

36 Hostlers.

Lieut. Lloyd, Butte	203
Sister Smith, Rossland	100
Sister Lewis, Victoria	150
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Kaslo	113
Alma Noble, Port Alberni	113
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Lewiston	100
Capt. Ziebarth, Kamloops	80
Lizzie Covey, Nanaimo	74
Lieut. Davis, New Westminster	75
Alma Stevens, Rossland	70
Lieut. Tritt, Livingston	60
Lieut. Long, Dillon	60
Bro. McDonald, Spokane	55
Capt. Krell, Revelstoke	55
Alma Stevens, Rossland	45
Lieut. Saint, Idelt	40
Sister Porter, Victoria	38
Mrs. Bury, New Whatcom	38
Capt. Perreault	35
Sister Lottie Peck, Idelt	35
Capt. Bonmont, Livingston	30
Sister Wallender, Rossland	27
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	26
Mrs. Carter, Butte	23
Alma Sorey, New Whatcom	23
Sister Malby	23
Lieut. R. Galt, Bozeman	22
Bro. McLeach, New Whatcom	21
Lieut. Carstensen, Butte	20
Mrs. Adjt. Dault, Spokane	20
Sister Adler, Spokane	20
Sister Barlow, Spokane	20
Capt. Milled, Sheridan	20
Lieut. Greavett, Sherridan	20
Capt. Quant, Rossland	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

12 Hostlers.

S. M. Childs, St. Johns	70
Sergt. Newman, Twillingate	45
Cadet Sumners, St. Johns I.	40
Cadet Wiseman, St. Johns I.	39
Cadet Hill, St. Johns I.	35
Capt. Hiscoek, Harlow, Truro	35
Sergt. March, St. John I.	25
Sergt. Clark, St. John I.	25
Sergt. Laitsten, St. John I.	25
Cadet Duder, St. John I.	25
Cadet Kulight, St. John I.	20
Capt. Monilton, St. John I.	20

WINDSOR.—We had some of the old-time power on Sunday. God came in mighty power upon the people in the open-air. One man roared in the ring and put his arms around Bro. Lloyd's neck and said, "Can you help me?" We soon had the drum in the ring and he cried out at the top of his voice to bid a real work in his heart. I have heard hundreds cry, but never one cry like this poor man did. And the Lord heard him and took him in. Sinner, if you don't soon cry for salvation you will cry in hell. We have got our H. P. target and I have faith for victory.—Adjt. S. Blackburn.



Eighteen Souls in Summer.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.—Warm? Yes, quite warm. The devil feels the heat too, for a few of his followers have turned on him during the past few months. With all the summer pleasures to fight against, we have had 18 souls kneel at the Mercy Seat. We are looking for more.—Geo. Endison, Capt., Lou Sharp-ham, Lieut.

DUNDAS.—Saturday, 20th of July, we had a musical festival. Bro. Ibbotson and family, together with some of the Hamilton comrades, also Bro. Walker and his two sons, of Dundas, were with us. Splendid occasion! The people gathered round us in the Market Square to listen to the musical family. Sunday evening hundreds came round the open-air and lined the streets to Dundas as we marched back to the barracks. Largest crowd in the barracks for years, had to open the gallery. Finances excellent. People immensely pleased with the Ibbotson family, and looking forward to the time when they will come again.—Mrs. Capt. Jones.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—For some time we have been looking forward with great anticipation to the visit of Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Howell. But they were not the only visitors. We welcomed also Staff-Capt. Galt, our new D. O., Adjt. Bob Smith and Eugenie Thorakildson. The last two are going north to take charge of the work among the Indians. When the S. A. Indian band heard that there were officers going up there they came all the way to Vancouver to meet them. They are a fine lot of fellows. They can speak, sing, pray, and praise. We had a most blessed time during our special meetings. Sunday we had big meetings, with six souls in the Fountain.—B. Norman, R. C.

ALGONQUIN.—We had a beautiful meeting on Sunday night, over two hundred attendants. We are believing soon to see a smash in the enemy's ranks. The people here love the Army and want an officer. There are quite a few soldiers here, and others that ought to be.—Lieut. Newell.

ST. GEORGE'S, Ber.—Since last report we have been having victory. On Sunday night we had with us Capt. Bell, and I am sure God came very near and blessed us, and although we closed our meeting we felt that there were many souls that were deeply convicted, so we had a prayer meeting, and after long and earnest pleadings thank God, making five souls for the week. Comrades all in good spirits.—W. J. S., R. C.

ST. GEORGE'S.—Splendid hallday meetings all the week. Capt. Bell was with us for Sunday and Sunday's meetings. Glorious time on Sunday night. Four backsliders came back to the fold. The meeting closed very near midnight. One poor sinner was deeply convicted at his sister's prayer for him, but he would not yield up his all. The order in the hall is first class. We are trusting in Jesus for the victory over the devil and his kingdom. We believe in faith that works by love and purifies the heart.—R. S. C. C.

CALGARY.—We had Adjt. Smith with us for Sunday. Good meetings all day. God has blessed our efforts by giving us two precious souls this week. One brother brought the Captain a lot of tobacco and a pipe, saying that by the help of God he never would use it again. Everybody is on the lookout for the new Ensign. Keep believing.—Yours to win, Capt. L. Bussan.

One Year Old.

LETHBRIDGE.—Bro this appears in print we shall have entered upon our second year. Although the past year in some instances has been one of fighting, we praise God for a corps of 36 soldiers and three converts, and we are more determined by the grace of God to make this the best year. Our anniversary services proved a great blessing to all. At Sunday's meetings, from 7 o'clock till the close of the day, God's Spirit wonderfully revealed itself. One brother returned to the Lord and to-day is well saved and hoping for brighter victories in the future. Monday's meeting took the form of a "musical" entertainment of six recruits, and an ice cream social, when everybody seemed truly overjoyed with the birthday of this corps. Our Harvest Festival is now on the way for another better day to the history of this corps. Our officers are now trying to make this a grand success financially, and above all one for the extension of God's work.—W. F., Reg. Cor.

NELSON.—We are searching on to victory under our esteemed officers, Adjutant Woodruff and Capt. Bonnetto. We have secured two lots in a good location with a large dwelling house on it, which we have turned into a barracks, and in the next few days we hope to erect a new brick building. Saturday, 15th and 16th of July, we had with us Colonel Jacobs, also Staff-Capt. Galt, of the East, accompanied by Brigadier Howell. We had some excellent meetings and two souls out for salvation. We are believing for many more victories.—Yours truly, L. Pogue, Sec.

OLD FERRICAN.—We had good times on Sunday. In the afternoon two souls at half-way to the end at night two stood up to be prayed for. To God be all the glory.—Lieut. Spracklin for Capt. Moore.

BUTTE.—We are still alive and kicking the devil on every hand. We have some half-way to our officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Hay, who, after nine months of hard and faithful fighting, have gone on a well-earned rest. May God's richest blessings go with them. Well, it was not long before we saw the happy faces of our new officers. You say, who are they? Well, they are not very big, but they are all there, praise the Lord. Their names are Adjt. and Mrs. Gale, and the heavenly ones are going to blow over Butte, or we will know the reason why. We are going to make "Old Smitty" look around. Soldiers getting on fire for souls, and soon the fire will spread and spread, until there's a mighty hallday flame. We are down on sin and the devil, and Jehovah is on our side, and we are sure to win, praise be to God. Sunday was a good day. No one yielded, but the Spirit and power of the Holy Ghost was felt in a wonderful way. Barracks packed in spite of the hot weather and many attractions in the city. Butte for God is one motto. More later. Yours in the war.—P. H. T.

New Arrivals for the War.

GHATHEM, N.B.—The first I must report is the arrival of a lovely daughter—one more for the war. The meetings here are just steady now. We are making preparations for a big time during the visit of our new P. O. and Chaplain. Good soldiers are also very pleased to say Bro. P. Moulton, ex-Captain, has arrived here, and is taking his place among us. He will be quite a help.—A. H. Wright, Sec.

TWILLINGATE, Nfld.—Although quite a number of the comrades are gone away to the fishery, yet God is still with us. The past week has been a blessed one. Sunday was a good day. Nice crowds. At night two souls knelt at the Cross and sought salvation. How the soldiers did pray and sing and dance and shout over those souls. Yes, victory is sweet after it is won.—Eugenie Cooper.

BEAR RIVER.—I was not able to attend the meetings this past week, but they who did were blessed in their labors of love, in seeing souls won for the Master. Two precious souls were saved by the Blood of our Redeemer. Some three or four others raised their hands for prayers; others are looking at a few unfaithful ones, who bring reproach upon the cause of God. May they look, instead, to the Lamb of Calvary, is the earnest desire of the faithful. Amen!—Sec. Morine, Cor.

Happy in the Slums.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Hallday! We are still proving God can give victory, even in the slum work. As we go around visiting the sick and dying ones, and trying to lift up the fallen, the presence of God Who trod the path leaving no easier one for His followers, seems to nerve us for the fight, and in this blessed work we are also led to see the need of being out-and-out for God. Our prayer is that we shall be living flames of fire.—B. Harris, Capt.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Adjt. and Mrs. Hay were with us over Sunday, and we appreciated their visit very much. Mrs. Hay was stationed here one year some time ago, and has many warm friends here. Good meetings throughout the day. At night the Adjutant made one of the strongest pleas, which caused many to think about their soul's salvation, although none would yield.—J. H. Frost, H. C.

JUST OPENED

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF MEN'S

English Staff Caps and
Lassies' Trimmed Bonnets

CAPS, each, \$2 00

Postage, 12c. extra.

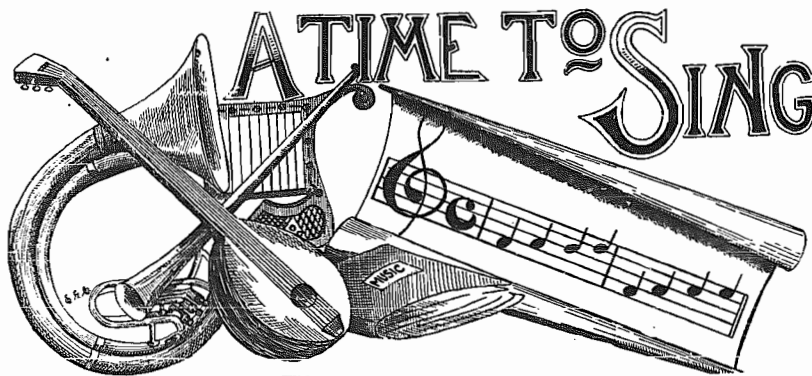
BONNETS, each, \$3.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6 50

(Sent only by Express, Charges Collect.)

Send Your Order to the Provincial Officer.

TRADE SECRETARY.

"Why, upon my word, I had nearly forgotten to send in the sack of wheat and barrel of apples to the Captain. I must do it now, for the H. P. side is on tonight."



Tunes.—Warchum (B.J. 151, 2); Rockingham (B.B. 32); Montgomery (B.J. 211, 4); To heal the broken heart (B.J. 123, 4).

1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare a place.

Oh, let Thy glorious presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which yearns to have no other will
But day and night to follow Thee!

While in this region here below
No other good will I pursue;
I bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

Tunes.—Consecration (B.J. 197, 1); Missionary (B.J. 178, 2) (repeat chorus); John Anderson, my Jo (S) (repeat chorus).

2 My body, soul and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be.

Chorus.

My all is on the Altar,
I'm waiting for the Fire.

O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great Name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

Oh, let the Fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious Blood;
Now, seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

Tune.—'Twas a very happy day (B.J. 64).

3 I've had an elevation
From sin and degradation;
I once was bound, but now I'm liberty.
I'm journeying to heaven,
The power to me is given
To live a life from wickedness set free.

Chorus.

Salvation I can recommend,
To bring all sinning to an end;
'Then come and have it now, my friend,
'Tis offered unto thee.

"I'll get saved here to-morrow,"
Some said; but, to their sorrow,
That day to them has never come,
They've missed their way to glory,
How sad to tell the story:
They're groaning now in hell—oh, bitter doom!

But if you'll come to Jesus,
Who died from sin to save us,
And pardon claim as you forsake your sin.

You shall receive salvation,
Just now, from degradation,
And happy be with Jesus' love within.
W. H. Cox.

Tune.—For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain (S.M. 1, 203; B.B. 60).

4 Whoever gave like thy Redeemer
And God?
'I've parted with even my last drop
of blood;

With the voice of My sufferings I'm
speaking to thee:
I have given up My all, what wilt thou
give to Me?"

Chorus.

Every drop of Thy Blood, Lord, was
given for me,
And the best I have, Lord, I'll give unto
Thee.

"I've lightened thy crosses and made
the crown bright,
My victories have made it more easy to
fight;

I've borne thy transgressions, thy Sav-
iour to be,
I've suffered for thee, wilt thou suffer
for Me?"

Chorus.

Oh, Calvary, dark Calvary,
Where Jesus groaned and died for me:
Oh, praise the Lord, my soul is free,
For Jesus died instead of me!
I'm trusting, blessed Lord, in Thee,
Who paid my debt on Calvary.

When lost in sin and doom'd to die,
He freely laid His glory by,
And came, to save a wretch like me,
From Heaven down to Calvary.

Such love it broke my stony heart,
And made me long from sin to part:
I saw there was no other plea,
But Jesus died on Calvary.

COMING! NEXT WEEK!

The Special

Harvest Festival "War Cry."

It will contain articles by

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER,
COLONEL JACOBS,
LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,
Various Provincial Officers, Staff-Captain Cowan,
Adjutant Page, and others.

EXCELLENT ILLUSTRATIONS.
A SPECIAL NUMBER BUT THE SAME PRICE.

"I am the Good Shepherd to care for
the lost,
To be thy Redeemer My life it has cost;
To learn self-denial My life and death
see;
For the world I have died, dare you face
death for Me?"
The late Colonel Pearson.

He Died for Me.

"'Twas done, my sins He washed away,
And keeps me by His power to-day;
My song in life and death shall be,
He bore my sins on Calvary."
Major Baugh.

Tunes.—How will you do? (B.J. 176);
Oh, how He loves! (B.J. 96); There
is a better land.

6 When you come to Jordan's flood,
How will you do?
You who now condemn your God,
How will you do?
Death will be a solemn day!
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray.
How will you do?

You who laugh, and scorn, and sneer,
How will you do?

When in Jordan you appear,
How will you do?
Can you then your terrors brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the grave?
How will you do?

You who have no more than form,
How will you do?
Can you brave the awful storm?
How will you do?
When the waves of death assail
Every head and prop will fail,
Forms will be of no avail—
How will you do?

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

HARVEST
FESTIVAL
WAR CRY!



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We wish to search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner, Esplanade Booth, 16 Allen St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to delay a notice.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion).

ELIZABETH BARKER. When 11 years old was sent from Kirkdale Schools, Dec., 1883, to Messrs. Calver, Wainstall Mills, Mount Thabor, Halifax, Yorkshire, England. Left there five years ago to join relatives in Liverpool. Her sister, Annie Jane, now Mrs. Revell, West Derby, Vermont, enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ROBERT GARDINER. Dark complexion, dark hair, monastic and eyes, medium height, age about 30 years. Last heard of in Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 18th, 1897. Barber by trade. Mother anxiously enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

JOHN J. NEWSONS. Height 6 feet, blue eyes, curly red hair, age 30 years. Last heard of two years ago. May have gone to Klondike. Mother in St. Thomas very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GALLOWAY, LOUIS E. Age 32, height 5 feet 5 inches, dark eyes and hair, slender. Last heard of in Key West, Florida. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

STURTEON, HERBERT. Age 44, blue eyes, high forehead, slightly bald. Generally wore a heavy beard. Height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 180. May be in Klondike or any northern gold mine. Wife anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(Second Insertion.)

WALTER BURROUGHS. Age 21, height 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, dark eyes, farmer. Last heard of in Montreal. Any news of him gratefully received. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MRS. LUNON (nee Lamb) last heard of in Barrie nine years ago. May have gone to U. S. Dark complexion, height 5 ft. Has two twins on one hand. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SHOOP CAMPBELL LAIRD. Fair complexion, blue eyes, brown hair, slender, medium height, well educated. Last heard of in Tacoma, W. Mother broken-hearted to see her only child. Has money for him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

STEWART, C. B. Last heard from in Regina. Aunt Lavina Stewart, of Liverpool, wishes to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, printed and published by John M. C. Horn, S.A. Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.